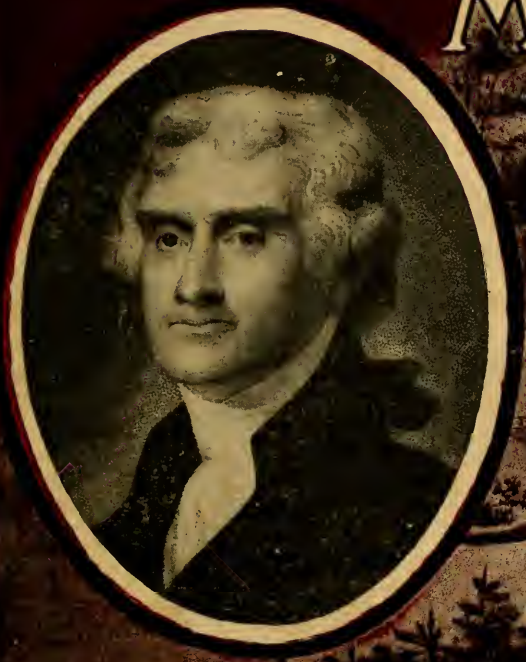
JUNE 1907

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.



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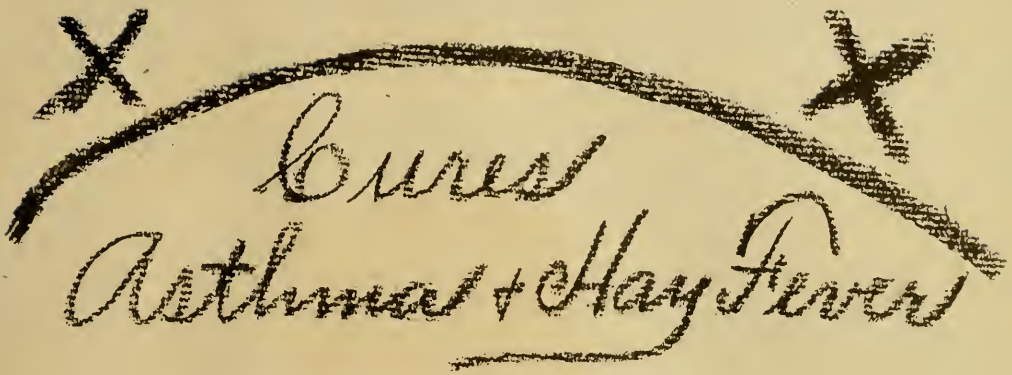

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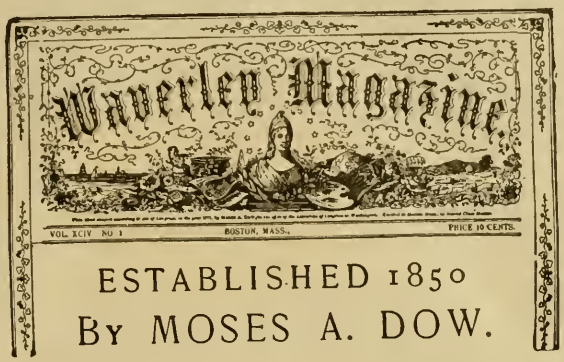

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Be sure to recommend Watson's for July to all your friends. Better yet—induce them to subscribe for it by the year.

WATSON'S
JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 1. JUNE, 1907 No. 6

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WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HIS SON

MR. WATSON'S EDITORIALS

HUMBUGGING THE FARMER.

The Southern Cotton Association is an organization which might have been powerful for good. Honest men of all classes joined it eagerly, and its declaration of purposes inspired confidence. Since the days of the Farmers' Alliance, no movement of the agricultural classes aroused such general interest and expectation.

Soon, however, advantage was taken of the liberality with which it admitted members. Accepting for its friends all those who came forward and professed to be so, the Southern Cotton Association collected in one body as variegated an assortment as was ever seen outside a menagerie. The merchant, the lawyer, the State-banker, the editor, were admitted into the Association amid applause, and the enthusiasm rose high when the doors opened to admit fertilizer men, manufacturers, National bankers, Wall Street speculators, and broken-down politicians.

Now, what would any man of common sense expect of a pied-piper Association of that kind? And could an organization composed of such competitive and naturally antagonistic elements act with unity of purpose? Impossible. To say nothing of the speculator, the fertilizer man, and the National banker, consider the absurdity of admitting the manufacturer to membership in the Cotton Growers' Association.

What are the objects aimed at by the Manufacturer? To shut out foreign competition, to monopolize the Home Market, to limit the output and control the price by means of the Trust, and to enter foreign markets and drive out foreign goods by making lower prices in the foreign market than in the Home Market.

To make success of their plans certain the manufacturers have for many years been operating through an Association *whose membership is confined to manufacturers.*

As an evidence of the narrow selfishness and remorseless power of this Manufacturer's Association, we have the rejection of the Kasson treaty—a commercial agreement with France which would have been worth millions of dollars annually to the Cotton Growers of the South. But inasmuch as France wanted us to concede a lower tariff duty on hosiery and cheap jewelry, as a reciprocal favor for the admission into the French markets of Cotton Seed Oil, the whole weight of the Manufacturers' Association was thrown against the treaty.

What are the objects aimed at by the Agricultural orders?

Better markets—both in buying and selling. The farmers pay too much for what they buy, and get too little for what they sell. *They give what the other fellow asks, and they take what the other fellow offers.* Is it not clear to all unprejudiced minds that the farmer is ground to powder between these two millstones? Study the official reports which reveal the true facts. The manner in which the Specially Protected manufacturing interest has grown fabulously rich at the expense, mainly, of the agricultural classes is one of the most appalling instances of robbery under statutory forms known to legislative history.

Now, when the farmers organize to improve their condition, the very first thing to be done is to find a method by which they can at least fix the price of their own product. How can this be done?

Undoubtedly, an Agricultural Trust, imitating the example of the Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, etc., would put up the price of cotton. Perhaps, the Manufacturers' Association would not

HOW HE WOULD BE UNDER THE JORDAN LOAD.

object to this. So long as the manufacturer can fix the price of his goods, he need not oppose high-priced cotton. *What he would give with one hand, he would take back with the other.* But is it going to help the farmer, if the Trusts *pay him more* for his cotton and *charge him more* for clothing, farm implements and supplies of all kinds? The question answers itself. How, then, must the Cotton grower get relief? *By fighting for a better, broader market.* Most Protected Industries are reaping yearly profits of thirty per cent., some of them more. That is unjust to the non-protected industries. If we cannot have a general reduction of these Tariff duties which shut out foreign sellers, *thereby decreasing the demand for raw cotton,* we must insist upon Reciprocity treaties by which we will open up foreign markets to raw cotton, cotton goods, and cotton-seed oil, in return for concessions to foreign nations which desire to do business with us.

The notion that we can shut out the whole world with a high tariff wall, and yet do business on equal terms with the world, is monstrous. The thing is too selfish and unnatural. Legitimate commerce rests upon mutual benefits—upon reciprocity. There must be something in it for both parties. But here we are

with our prohibitive tariffs, shutting out the whole world from our market, *yet raising a howl every time a foreign nation gives us a dose of our own medicine.* Such statesmanship is short-sighted and sordid.

It ought to be clear to the farmer that something is wrong when the cotton mills of the United States sell their goods cheaper in foreign countries than at home.

Something is wrong when the government statistics prove that the farmers have not averaged living wages since the Civil War, whereas the Protected Manufacturers have cleared from one thousand millions to three thousand million dollars every year.

Something is wrong when raggedness and want is frequently the portion of the producers of that crop which furnishes the bulk of the national exports, maintains the national supply of gold and enriches every one who touches it—excepting the man who made it. Something is wrong when a crop of 14,000,000 bales of cotton gluts the world's market, when it is so easy demonstrated that *this country, alone, needs at least* 16,000,000 *bales.*

What is the matter?

The Manufacturers' Association has dwarfed the market for raw cotton by compelling Congress to build a tariff wall which shuts out foreign competition. If foreign goods could enter our market and compete with home-made goods, the price of the goods would be lower, and a greater amount would be sold. The more goods the markets absorb, the more cotton the factories must have to supply the demand. Then, of course, the greater the demand for raw cotton, the better the price. Thus, in a natural way, cotton is given the benefit of the law of supply and demand.

And that's all the Cotton Growers ask.

What the farmer must have, is a broader market. The world would use at least 30,000,000 bales of cotton every year if it had the chance. But the American Manufacturers' Association has caught the market in its inexorable grip, and choked it down to one-third its normal size. For what purpose? That the Protected classes may continue to rob the unprotected masses of two thousand million dollars per year, *over and above legitimate profits.*

THE OPEN ROAD.

In the beginning, it required *the energy of the individual* to make a good public road.

Therefore, charters were granted to companies of enterprising citizens who were willing to invest their money in the building of good roads and bridges.

Under this dispensation, we had the Turnpike and the Toll Gate. The road was a closed road. Only those who paid the fixed charges could go through the gate or cross the bridge.

Every Toll Gate had its keeper, and its scale of charges,—so much for each traveller; so much for each vehicle. Who does not recall, with a sweet, Bob Taylor smile, the story of the Gate Keeper who was suddenly called upon for a statement of the rates by two self-reliant young women from the backwoods,—their vehicle being a one-horse rattle-trap drawn by a sad-eyed sorrel? "What's the charge?" hailed the travellers. As he swung the gate open, the Gate Keeper answered, nonchalantly, "Fifty cents for a man, and twenty-five cents for a horse.

"Well, *we* pass free then," sang out the rural ladies, "for this turnout is just two gals and a mare. Git up, Nance!"—clucking to the horse.

Before the dumb-founded official could think of a suitable reply to the argument the gals and the old mare had passed serenely on.

These closed roads, or Turnpikes, were never popular. They violated the universal, instinctive longing for "the open road." They were felt to impose restraints upon that freedom of movement which has always been a portion of the personal liberty of the individual.

Consequently, there was constant friction between the traveling public and the officials of the Turnpikes. This antagonism often cropped out in the establishment of a parallel road, roughly laid out and badly maintained, which gave the poorer people an outlet to market, free of charge. These roads having been built for the purpose of securing an escape from the tolls which had to be paid on the 'Pike, were sometimes known as "Shun-pikes." In the mountainous regions of Virginia, you will find many of such roads, known to this day by the old name of *"the shun-pike."* They are monuments to the determination of the traveling public to have an open road.

In the course of time the Turnpike went to join the flint and steel musket, and the highway free to all—the lord and the yeo-

man, the prince and the pauper, the sage and the simpleton,—became the universal rule.

Then came that other step in human progress, the iron highway. Here, again, individual energy and enterprise were necessary. It may be doubted whether any government would ever have evolved our modern system of railroads. The initiative of mankind, collectively, is always less than the initiative of individuals and of small, compact groups. To the development of our railroad system, we think that individual initiative was absolutely necessary. The task was so gigantic, the obstacles to be overcome were so varied and so immense, that *individual selfishness,* as a factor in the success which finally won, cannot be overestimated.

After the individuals have shown the way, governments may safely follow; just as a very commonplace sculptor can chisel you out a fair copy of a piece of statuary which he could no more have originated than he could fly.

In view of these admissions, we are not inclined to waste time quarreling over the liberality of Congress and the State Legislatures to the corporations which offered to build our railways, although these governmental grants were too lavish, and were often obtained by fraud and corruption. When we remember that the private individuals who constructed railroads in Florida got 7,000 acres of land for every mile of road, we readily agree that the grant was excessive. In Arkansas, the corporations got 3,900 acres of land for every mile of railroad; in Alabama, 3,385 acres; in Louisiana, 7,000 acres; in Wisconsin, 5,400 acres. Even in Illinois they got 1,965 acres of land for every mile of road.

In donations of one sort and another—land-grants, cash subscriptions, bond-endorsements, special exemptions and privileges—the public paid every dollar of the actual cost of building the iron highways,—*the modern Turnpikes.*

But while it may have been wise and necessary, forty years ago, to stimulate individual enterprise to undertake the toil and the risk of building the railway lines,—just as it may have been wise and necessary to grant the Turnpike charters,—the time has come when we must have *the open road.* The natural, irresistible pressure of the traveling public against the Toll-Gate found its first expression in a flank movement—"the shun-pike." But this dodging of the issue of the obstacle could not satisfy the cravings of a great people for unobstructed highways. The antagonism to the closed road finally resulted in laws which do not tolerate gates of any kind across the public road.

THE PAYMASTER USURPS THE THRONE OF PATRIOTISM.

In like manner, the interests of the private individuals who now monopolize the iron turnpikes must yield to public necessity. If they are wise in their generation, they will recognize the inevitable and bow to it. Nobody seeks to do them injustice. Their interests must be bought out in a fair, legal, peaceful manner,—but the public must have "the open road." It is

intolerable that the highways of the mightiest Republic the world has ever seen should be closed to the people by the chiefs of six great corporations. It is unendurable that eighty-five millions of people should have the toll-gate and turnpike principle fastened upon them in perpetuity.

The natural evolution which first brought forth the improved highway, the Turnpike, and which then cleared it of the Toll Gate—opening it up to the use of the public as a Public Road.—will move right on in its inexorable march, *until the iron highway is also a public road.*

Politicians may shuffle and dodge, corporation managers may bribe and bulldoze, but they can no more arrest the progress of the demand for *the open road* than they can halt the law of gravitation.

THE CURIOUS HISTORY OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL HIGHWAY.

It was the Lewis and Clarke expedition, sent out by the Government at the instance of President Jefferson, that first located practicable routes from the Mississippi to the Pacific. The work of Pathfinder Fremont was built upon this Jeffersonian foundation. Next came the scientific surveys, ordered and supervised by Jefferson Davis, when he was Secretary of War, in the Cabinet of President Pierce.

Full historic credit has been given to Thomas Jefferson, to Lewis and Clark, and to John C. Fremont, but, so far as we know, the highly important work of Jefferson Davis in actually surveying and scientifically locating the practicable lines along which the Pacific Railways were afterwards built has never been recognized.

It was one of the favorite designs of John C. Calhoun that the Southern States should use their share of the surplus, under Jackson's administration, in building great trunk lines of railroad.

In a letter written to William C. Dawson in 1835, Mr. Calhoun not only advocates most earnestly the use of this public money in the building of railroads, but urges the States of Georgia and South Carolina to take the lead, and describes the routes which should be adopted—routes which have since been seized, and held, by private enterprises.

In having topographical surveys of the various routes for railways between the coasts of the Atlantic and the Pacific, Mr.

Davis proved that he, as well as Calhoun, realized the National importance of Governmental construction of railroads.

In this prosy year 1907, when Mr. Roosevelt stops at Governmental supervision of the privately owned railroads, and when Mr. Bryan's hedging attitude on "ultimate governmental ownership" would seem to put his platform where the angel Gabriel will use it for a foot-rest when he blows his horn, it is interesting to learn that Calhoun was exerting his utmost influence in 1835, to have Georgia and South Carolina unite and build a system of trunk lines from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi River.

To what extent the scientific surveys made under the orders of Jefferson Davis may have been related to the scheme for Pacific Railways afterwards fathered by Stephen A. Douglas, we are not able to state. These practicable routes had been mapped out but a short while before we find "the Little Giant" introducing into Congress the first of all the land-grant bills which transfered to the Pacific Railway corporations such vast amounts of the public domain. The Democratic party had already committed itself to the policy of donating land to the corporations by the passage of the Stephen A. Douglas bill of 1850, which granted to the Illinois Central Railroad public domain lying in that State.

The original Pacific Railway bill, introduced by Mr. Douglas, did not become a law; but, in July, 1862, Congress passed another bill of the same kind which is perhaps the most complete surrender that the National Government had made to the greedy plunderers, *up to that time.*

In sum and substance, the Pacific Railroad corporations were given, first and last, more than enough land and money to pay the entire cost of the roads, enough besides to create the colossal fortunes of Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins, and enough besides to now build another system of railways from sea to sea.

Yet after all this was done; after the original exploiters had got enough and quit; after Jay Gould had squeezed the system for millions and quit; the United States took possession, through Federal Courts and Receivers, ran the roads with complete success and then, after having demonstrated that the Government could operate the railroads, allowed a Wall Street Jew, Jake Schiff, to step in and gobble up this magnificent transcontinental highway, *for a song.* The Nation had paid for it; the private corporations had looted it; the nation then had to take charge of

it and manage it, and even then Uncle Sam didn't have sense enough to keep it.

In what way Jake Schiff managed to get his greedy paws on it, may be more easily imagined than described. The Credit Mobilier scandals had revealed the methods of Huntington & Co. Those methods probably answered the purposes of Jake Schiff as they had answered those of Huntington.

At all events, Schiff's firm scooped the Union Pacific Railroad, over which the great Harriman now rules with despotic and malevolent sway.

Concerning the Governmental favors extended to the Pacific Railroads, there is in existence an official report, which has become a rare Public Document.

This Report was submitted to Congress by President Cleveland, January, 1888. Accompanying this general report of the Pacific Railway Commission, there is a special report of a special commissioner, Robert E. Pattison. It is this document which is particularly interesting and instructive.

Let the reader bear in mind that we quote now from the official record, endorsed by President Cleveland,—not from stump speech, partisan editorial or magazine article.

Summarizing the facts, as stated by U. S. Commissioner Pattison, we find that the public aid given to the Pacific Railway Companies amounted to a total of $447,729,470.54. When the Commissioner made this estimate (1887) the corporations still had unsold land to the amount of 12,615,087 acres. Upon this realty the Commissioner placed a valuation of $26,054,270,—or a little more than $2.00 per acre. Since then, lands have advanced in value. Since then, forest timber has enormously increased in value. Since then, coal and other mineral deposits have been found upon these lands. Since then villages, towns, and even small cities have been built, and are now standing, on the railroads' land. Just what the land-grant, yet remaining in the hands of the corporation, is worth, no one can tell. The moderate assumption is that the twelve million acres which Commissioner Pattison estimated at twenty-six million dollars, yielded the railroads many times that sum.

The Union Pacific was built for $38,824,000; yet the builders capitalized the road for $109,814,812—thus pocketing the proceeds of fictitious stock and bonds to the amount of $70,990,812.

The builders dealt with themselves, acting in one capacity, with themselves, acting in another capacity,—just as more recent scoundrels have done in corporation juggles,—with the result

that they charged up against the Union Pacific Railroad, as cost of construction, $109,814,812, when the actual cost was but $38,824,000.

In the Central Pacific and Western Pacific the fictitious capital was $84,211,680. In the Kansas Pacific, $13,228,250.

Thus it will be seen that private capitalists not only did not put up the money which built these transcontinental lines, but that public funds did the work. The promoters spent none of their own cash, but on the other hand, got enough from the public to build the roads and to make themselves immensely rich.

Commissioner Pattison, after referring to the fact that Congress, in being liberal to the Pacific Railway Companies, had meant to promote the public interest and had made the companies trustees for that purpose, proceeds to say: "The public interest has been subordinated to the stockholding interest. Nearly every obligation which these corporations assumed under the laws of the United States, or as common carriers, has been violated. *Their management has been a national disgrace.*"

The Commissioner enters into the details which sustain his arraignment of the companies, but space-limit forbids us to follow his amazing revelations of greed, dishonesty, and tyranny.

Only one other paragraph we quote: "They chose dishonest methods. At the outset they divided among themselves $172,347,115 of fictitious capital, they dissipated over $107,000,000 which should have been applied to the payment of the principal and interest of the Government debt, and they taxed shippers to the extent of over $140,000,000, or nearly $8,000,000 per year, to pay for the inflation of capital of these companies, and for the vicious practices that crept into their management."

One of the most interesting and important statements made by the Commissioner is that "The Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific (aided portion) could have been built for $17,021,488 in addition to the Government loan, all debts could have been paid, including the Government debt, and from the profits of operating the roads and from the land sales the stock could have paid regular dividends of 6 per cent."

The reader is asked to recall the fact that the sum total of public donations to this group of Pacific railways was in round numbers, $447,000,000; that the cost of construction was very much less than this amount; that wreckers got hold of the property and ran it into the hands of U. S. Court Receivers; that Jake Schiff was allowed to capture the prize and in due course of

time to place his man Harriman at the head of the transcontinental highway which public money had built.

Just how Schiff paid for possession, and exactly how the deal was engineered, is not generally understood, but the accepted statement is that he bought the property by assuming a part of the debt which the companies owed the Government, and that *he paid practically no cash at all.* In other words, the public bought the transcontinental line once more and once more gave it to a gang of rapacious, dishonest and tyrannical plunderers,—for every dollar that Schiff and his associates paid was wrung out of the public in freight rates, passenger charges, stock issues and bond juggles. In the history of governmental stupidity, there is nothing which surpasses the record of our dealings with the Pacific Railroads.

We have paid five times as much as was necessary to secure for the public a transcontinental highway, and we haven't got one yet. As fast as we the people pay for the road, we the people donate it to private corporations. If those in authority did not take so much pains to convince us that we are the most intelligent people under the sun, we might sometimes vaguely suspect that we are the biggest fools in the universe.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The magazine debate between Mr. Bryan and Senator Beveridge still moves along with the decorous, measured tread of a hired man working by the day. We would not like to say that Beveridge is getting the best of it, for we know that he is holding up the wrong end of the controversy, but when *this* tussle is ended we would regret to see Mr. Bryan insist upon another scrap with Beveridge. The man to handle the Indiana Senator should be able to concentrate his mind on that particular job. Bryan is hampered by the necessity of measuring his words with reference to his settled habit of running for the Presidency. He is afraid to "let himself go" on any earthly subject.

* * * * *

In the State of New York a strong, honest, courageous Governor is toiling with all his might to have a house-cleaning. He is a Republican, but he is striving to do what every decent Democrat ought to help him to do. First of all, he is trying to oust the Insurance Commissioner, Kelsey, who winked at the corrup-

tion of the big Life Insurance criminals, and is nothing more than the tool of those who want the use of the huge Life Insurance accumulations.

In this up-hill effort to bring about a better state of things in New York, Governor Hughes has to combat the boodlers of both the old political parties. Democrats like Tom Grady and Pat McCarren are lined up along with the Republican bosses like Raines and, thus far, the united strength of the corrupt men of both parties has been too much for the Governor. Tammany Democrats in the New York Legislature are cheek by jowl with the worst elements of the Republican party, yet those professional corruptionists will go to the next Democratic National Convention, as they have gone to all the others since the Civil War, and brazenly claim the right to dictate platform and candidate to the South and West.

* * * * *

Why do not the leaders of both the old parties get together and agree upon a common-sense method of making up National Conventions? The present system is the absurdest farce on earth. Imposing delegations from States that *never* go Democratic crowd into the assembly and dictate to other States which *always* go Democratic. New England, so far as possible electoral results are concerned, does nothing for the success of the Democratic party. Yet the New England delegations stalk into the National Councils of the party and cut just as much ice as though they could deliver the goods.

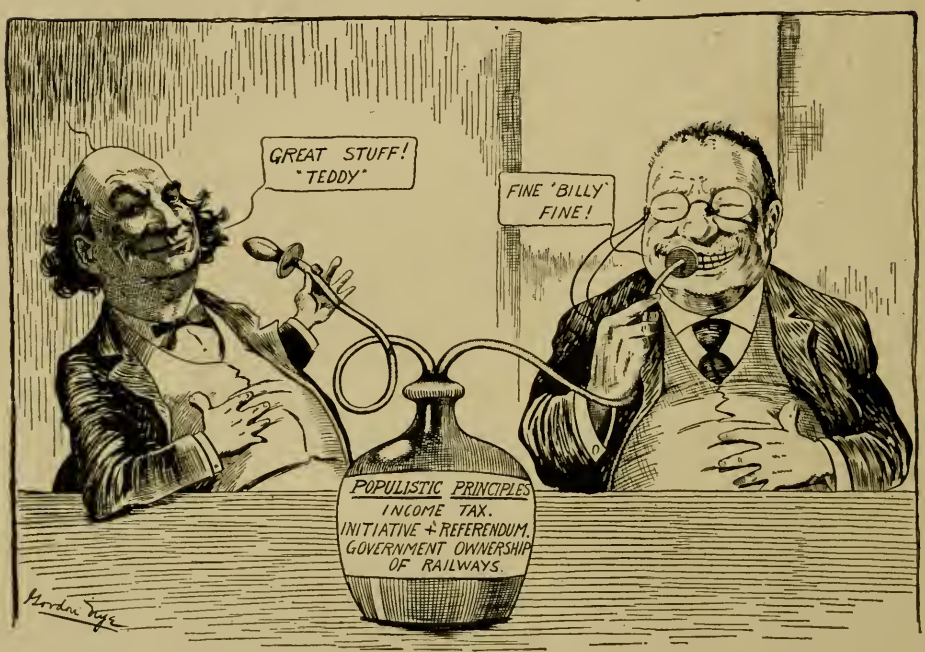
In like manner the Republican party is afflicted. The Southern States, for example, have no professing Republicans to speak of. The small coteries of the brethern in the Southern States are just sufficient in number to fill the offices which a Republican President graciously bestows. These Southern Republicans don't seek converts. They hold no revivals. They sit tight, and look steadily toward the White House, with a receptive smile and an expectant eye. When one of them dies, leaving no bodily male heir, they solemnly initiate another member, who takes the vacant seat at the pie counter, and learns to swivel his eye so that the White House is never out of visual range.

Yet the Southern States go through the portentous form of sending impressive delegations to the Republican National Convention, where their votes checkmate the best laid plans of delegations from States which are safely Republican.

* * * * *

What is the remedy?—you may ask.

Beggin' your pardon for the use of big words it is "Proportional Representation." Each State represented in a National Convention of a political party should have a vote in proportion to the vote cast in that State, in the preceeding election, for that political party. This is simple, and it is just. By the adoption of this plan the Democratic councils would be dominated by the States which have to furnish the votes. Under this rule, the Republican party would escape the constant menace of the negro delegations from the South. To have the balance of power in the Republican National Convention held by a lot of purchasable



THE PEOPLE'S PARTY TWINS.

negro delegates, representing States which cannot possibly contribute anything to the success of the National ticket, seems to me a situation which should not be tolerated by those Republican States which furnish the effective votes on the day of the election.

* * * * *

While Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt are so freely sampling the Populist larder, growing politically great on the milk which we poor "Third Party" men fatuously laid in for our own use, let them take a taste of our "Proportional Representation." It is just as good as any of those victuals of ours which they have already helped themselves to,—let them wade in. A man who

woke up one fine morning, after ten years of slumber and suddenly swallowed for breakfast our doctrine of the *Initiative and Referendum,*—as Bryan recently did—must not deny himself the luxury of tasting "Proportional Representation,"—*which we Pops preached and practiced.*

* * * * *

Mr. Bryan declares, in effect, that Mr. Hearst and his Independence League" should be "invited to seats with us" in the National Democratic Councils. Very well,—but *do* have Joe Bailey, August Belmont, Tom Ryan, Bill Sheehan, Judge Parker, Charles Murphy, Tom Grady, and Pat McCarren shown to a different part of the hall. While the New York *World* is doing its level best to find out "What is a Democrat," I, for one, do not think it fair to baffle the inquiry by unduly mixing the pickles.

* * * * *

According to Senator Beveridge, we have very nearly cleaned out every stall in the Augean stables, and all that is needed to the completion of the task is an uninterrupted continuance of Republican administration. Says bouyant Beveridge:

"Rebates—we have ended them. Contributions—we have ended them. Bad meats and impure foods—we have ended them. Overcapitalization—we will end that, and are working on it now. Unjust prices—the ending of over-capitalization will cure this," and so on.

Were it not for the necessity of giving a reason why the Republicans should be allowed to remain in power, Senator Beveridge might just as well have said that there is no such thing as over-capitalization, or that if there had ever been such a thing "we have ended it."

The man who believes that "we have ended" rebates, campaign contributions, bad meats and impure foods, is capable of being convinced that there is no such thing as over-capitalization.

* * * * *

Rebates ended? Absurd. They flourish in every direction. Why, the special terms given by the Railroads to the Express Companies *is nothing more than the rebate,* systematized and amplified. The inner clique of railroad capitalists yield the cream of the freight business to the Express clique, the two gangs play into each other's hands and divide the loot. The railroad carries the freight of the Express Company at a lower rate than any other shipper can get:—if this is not *the Rebate,* what is it?

Campaign contributions ended? *Since when?* They have *not* been ended, nor will they be, so long as political parties can

dispense the favors and furnish the protection which predatory corporations need.

Bad meats and impure foods ended? *How does Senator Beveridge know?* Why, the Packers would not allow Congress to enact a law compelling them to date the cans in which they put their stuff. Does that look like an "end" of bad meats and impure foods? If the Packers are so earnestly in favor of treating the public right, why did they object to putting the date on the can?

The literal truth is that while President Roosevelt has given a tremendous impulse to the reform movement and deserves the greatest credit for his courage and good intentions, *not one* of the evils attacked by him has been put out of business.

* * * * *

IF YOU FOOL ME NEXT TIME IT WILL BE MY FAULT.

GEORGIA'S HALF-SON PRESIDENT

BY

SAM W. SMALL

HOME OF THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY WHERE THE PRESIDENT WAS BORN, IN EAST 28TH STREET, NEW YORK.

HOME OF THE BULLOCHS IN ROSWELL, GA., IN WHICH THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER WAS BORN.

GEORGIA has never yet had one of her sons chosen to the presidency of the Republic. She has had from the beginning those who have desired that eminence and she has now some who would not refuse it.

In the first election for president, in 1789, three Georgians received electoral votes, John Milton getting two votes and James Armstrong and Edward Telfair getting one each. No other Georgian received electoral votes until 1824 when William H. Crawford, then Secretary of the Treasury in the Cabinet of President Monroe, received 41 electoral votes out of a total of 261, divided between John Quincy Adams (who was elected by the House of Representatives), Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay and Crawford.

John Floyd, of Georgia, independent, received 11 electoral votes in the election of 1832. Charles J. Jenkins received 2 of the scattered Greeley electoral votes in 1872.

But John C. Fremont, a native of Georgia, though ticketed from California, and first presidential candidate of the National Republican party in 1856, received 114 electoral votes against the 174 given to James Buchanan and 8 given to Millard Fillmore.

Thomas E. Watson was the "People's Party" candidate for president in 1904, but obtained no electoral votes, though he received 117,183 of the popular votes.

However, Georgians are properly proud of the fact that Theodore Roosevelt, the present president of the great Republic, is a half-son of the State on his mother's side. Through her he traces back an honorable and heroic descent from the ancient Kings of Scotland. The tracing of that descent interprets some of the strongest and most admirable traits of his character in terms of Scotch and Southern action.

The name Roosevelt, however, is also suggestive of another of the sturdy and sterling strains of blood that early entered into the composite American character. It is a Hollandish name and was brought to this country by one of the early settlers of New Amsterdam, the first European colony on the Island of Manhattan, now the principal borough of Greater New York City.

This headman of the Roosevelt family in America was Claas Martensen Van Roosevelt. With his wife, Jannetje Thomas, he came over the sea in 1651. That was forty years after Hendrick Hudson had explored the river that yet bears his name and twenty-eight years after the first settlers landed on Manhattan by permission of the Dutch crown, in whose

right Hudson had preferred his discoverer's claim. For two hundred and fifty years, therefore, the Roosevelts have been more or less factors in the history and development of this country.

The records of the family prove that most of its men have been profitable patriots in both the colonial and national eras. In many phases of the social, industrial and political life of their times they have manifested those qualities of intelligence, tenacity, industry and virtue that win. The fields of invention, legislation, manufactures, transportation, finance, philanthropy and war-service have all been enriched, in one generation or another, by their labors. These exemplary influences have united to produce the admirable American who is now the head of this most potential people of the globe.

The Roosevelt's had their first home on the point of the Island then and yet known as the Battery. Later, in 1665, an old Dutch town-roll locates them in Beaver street, east of Broad street. Subsequently Jacob Roosevelt established a farm in what was locally known as "the swamp near the Cripple Bush." In 1728 the town had grown out to the farm and a thoroughfare was opened through it and named "Roosevelt street," and retains that designation to the present day.

The direct line of family descent comes from the original settler before mentioned through Nicholas Van Roosevelt and his wife, Hillotje Jans; Johannes Van Roosevelt and his wife, Hyltie Syverts; Jacobus Roosevelt and his wife, Annaye Bogaert; Jacobus I., or James, Roosevelt and his wife, Mary Van Schaick; Cornelius Van Schaick Roosevelt and his wife, Margaret Barnhill, who was related to the Irish families of Lukin and Craig; Theodore Roosevelt and his wife, Martha Bulloch, these being the parents of the now President of the United States.

The register of the Dutch Church of New Amsterdam shows that between the years 1652 and 1694 a number of children born to the family were christened under the name of "Rosenvelt" but in the marriage register covering the period 1682-1774 the name is written always as it is today.

The Roosevelt's became active in public affairs early after their establishment as an American family. The instincts of civic development and government were marked among them. There is scant record of the services rendered by their representaives prior to 1700, but from that year to the present hour the list of Roosevelts who served public stations in colony, city, state and nation is a lengthy and worthy roll of honor. They held the offices of aldermen, provincial congressmen, assemblymen, state senators, supreme court justice, congressman and minister to the Court of the Netherlands.

In the fields of individual endeavor a local historical work entitled "The Old Merchants of New York" mentions the Roosevelts as merchants, sugar refiners, bankers, inventors and common carriers. Prior to the outbreak of the American Revolution the Roosevelt sugar house was built behind Franklin Square, where Cliff street now runs, and was conspicuous there by its activities for the following forty years. Isaac Roosevelt was its proprietor and at the same time was president of the Bank of New York, one of the governors of the New York Hospital and a State Senator in 1801 during the term of Governor George Clinton.

Nicholas Roosevelt represented New York in the Provincial Congress in 1775 and in 1786 was a member of the State Senate and president of the Bank of New York.

Jacobus I. Roosevelt served as a

From a photograph presented by the President to the Author.

Theodore Roosevelt

commissary in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War.

In the early years of the century the subject of applying steam in the navigation of water craft was agitated and Robert Fulton, Nicholas J. Roosevelt, Chancellor Livingston and Colonel Stevens, of Hoboken, became associated in experiments to that end. After many futile trials success was achieved in 1807 when Fulton, in the "Clermont," ascended the Hudson River, using steam power alone. Mr. Roosevelt had obtained a patent, or, as it was then termed, a legislative monopoly of steam navigation on the Hudson River. His grant antedated that to Fulton and in a subsequent legal action the Roosevelt priority was sustained. This Roosevelt was also the inventor of the vertical paddle-wheel for steamboats. He surveyed the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and was the first to navigate them with a steamboat. In 1811 he built the "New Orleans" at Pittsburg. It was a boat 138 feet long, with a forty horse power engine and a speed of ten miles per hour. The trip from Pittsburg to New Orleans, including all the principal landings, was made in fourteen days, which was an amazing gain of time over the extant flatboat schedules.

Cornelius Van Shaick Roosevelt, the grandfather of the President, was born January 30, 1794. He was lineally descended from Claas Martensen Van Roosevelt, the pioneer settler, and became a successful merchant, amassing a fortune of notable proportions for those days. He was one of the founders of the famous and yet impregnable Chemical Bank of New York. His wife, the grandmother of our subject, was Margaret Barnhill, member of a distinguished Philadelphia family. They were the parents of six children, all sons. They were Silas Weir Roosevelt, an eminent lawyer; James Alfred Roosevelt, president of the Roosevelt Hospital (founded by James H. Roosevelt, a cousin), and who died in 1898; Cornelius Van Shaick Roosevelt, Jr., deceased in 1887; Robert B. Roosevelt, Commissioner of Brooklyn Bridge, representative in Congress in 1873-4, United States Minister to the Netherlands in 1893 and first President of the Holland Society of New York; William W. Roosevelt, who died in youth; and Theodore Roosevelt.

The last named was the father of our present Chief Magistrate and was born September 22, 1831. He became a prominent merchant and distinguished philanthropist. He founded the Newsboys' Lodging House and was active in the Young Men's Christian Association work. He was a charter member of the Union League Club, one of the founders of the Orthopedic Hospital and of the Childrens' Aid Society. During the Civil War he organized the Commission to aid the needy families of soldiers in the field and in behalf of this work visited all the important camps of the Union armies. He was a man of great charities, pure and strong character, aggressive ideas of social and civic reforms, and was universally respected and esteemed. When President Hayes named him as Collector of the Port of New York the political spoilsmen compassed his rejection by the Senate for no other reason than that he was a pronounced civil service reformer. He died in New York City, February 9, 1878, before the graduation from Harvard of this only son who has since become so illustrious among his countrymen.

President Roosevelt, through his mother's line of descent, may claim blood kinship with the Scottish royal lines of Baliol and Bruce, and of Sir William Wallace, "the Champion of Scotland."

Kings John and Edward Baliol were Scottish sovereigns. Their direct descendants aroused the wrathful

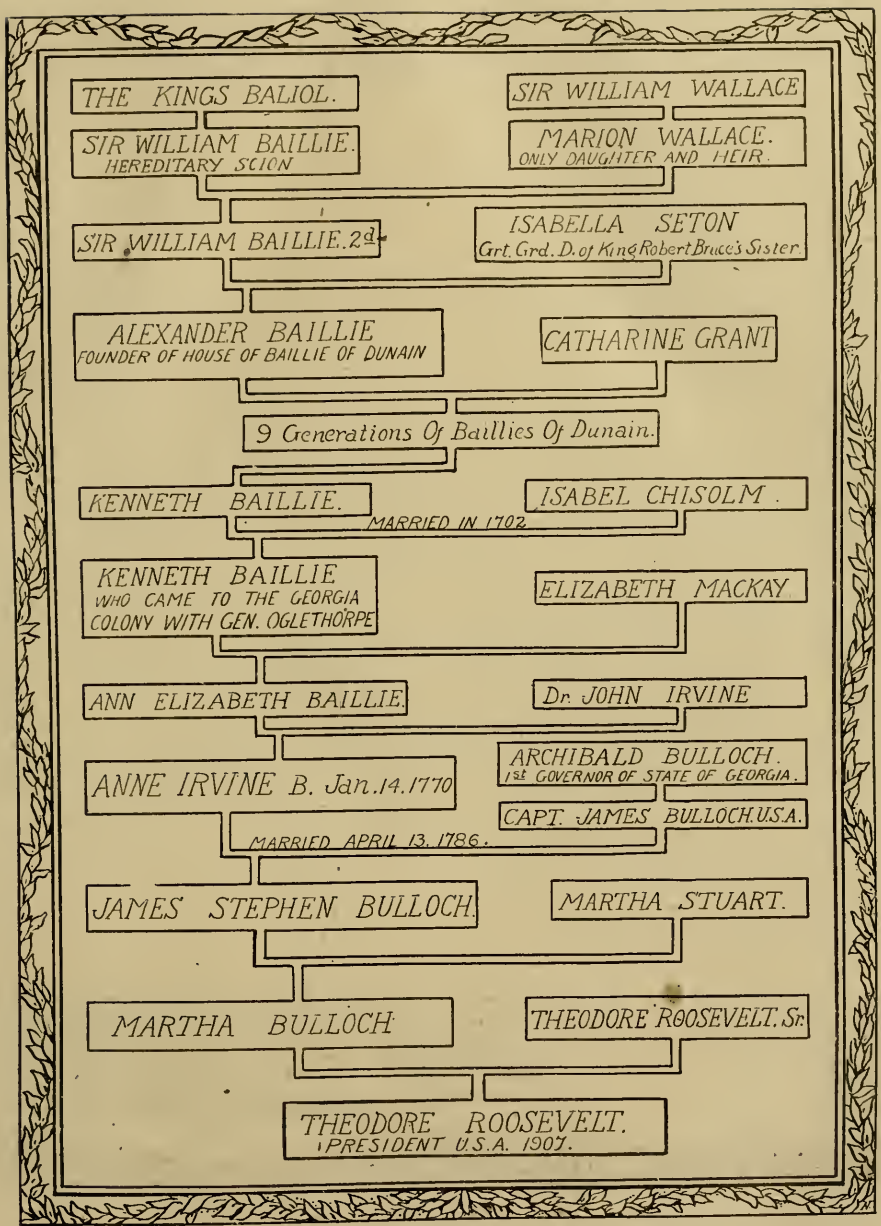


CHART OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MATERNAL DESCENT.

jealousy of Edward I of England and he sought vigorously to extinguish the line lest one of them might seek to repossess the throne of their fathers,—which they claimed that he had usurped. To escape his plots the family name was changed to Baillie. One branch of the hereditary line became the famous family of "the Baillies of Dunain," and from it descended the Kenneth Baillie who, with his equally notable kinsman, John More McIntosh, of the McIntosh clan, came out to the Georgia colony as a co-operator with Governor Oglethorpe, its founder.

The line of President Roosevelt's descent, as revealed by the parish records of historic "Seton Chapel" in Scotland and the archives of Chatham and McIntosh counties, in Georgia, is as follows:

The Kenneth Baillie who brought the royal line to America is the one whom a recent historical authority has sketched in the following lines:

"In 1735 Kenneth Baillie was ensign in 2the Darien company of rangers. In this capacity he accompanied Gov. Oglethorpe in his expedition against the Spaniards in Florida. During one of the skirmishes that took place he was captured and sent to Spain, whence, in course of time, he escaped to England. He returned to Georgia, and was successively lieutenant, captain, major, and colonel of the Second Colonial Regiment. He was a trustee of the town of Sunbury, then in size and commercial importance the rival of Savannah, but now and for long years dead. He was a man of prominence in the county and one of its largest landholders and planters."

President Roosevelt bears in his veins the strains of four historic tribes of men—the blood of kings and nobles, of devoted enthusiasts and stubborn burghers—for he is quartered on Scotch, Irish, Huguenot and Dutch stocks, bearing the now illustrious patronymic contributed by the latter.

With such a heritage of lineage and impulses the wonder of his life would have been its contentment in the ranks of mediocrity. Instead he stands before the world at this hour the most brilliant exemplar of what good blood and virtuous ambitions can achieve in a land of liberty, equality and justice.

ANN BOYD.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Chapter XV.

FTER supper King left his mother and step-sisters removing the dishes from the table and went out. He was sickened to the depths of his sensitive soul by the sordid meal he had just seen the family partake of with evident relish, as if it were an unusual occurrence. And he was angry with himself, too, for feeling so, when such a life had been their lot so long.

He crossed the little brook that ran on a bed of brown stone behind the cabin, and leaned against the rail-fence which surrounded the pine-pole corn-crib. He could easily leave them in their squalor and ignorance and return to the great, intellectual world—the world which read his editorials and followed his precepts, the key-note of which had always been the love of man for man as the greatest force in the universe—but, after all, would that not stamp him with the brand he most despised—hypocrisy? A pretty preacher, he, of such fine-spun theories, while his mother and her step-children were burrowing in the soil like eyeless animals, and he living on the fat of the land along with the wealth and power of the country!

The cabin door shone out, a square of red light against the blackness of the hill and the silent, serried pines beyond. He heard Jake whistling a tune he had whistled long ago, when they had worked Mark Bruce's crop side by side, and the spasmodic creaking of the puncheons as the family moved about within.

A figure appeared in the doorway. It was his mother, and she was coming to search for him.

"Here I am, mother!" he cried out, gently, as she advanced through the darkness; "look out and don't get your feet wet."

She chuckled childishly as she stepped across the brook on the largest stones. When she reached him she put her hand on his arm and laughed: "La me, boy, a little wet won't hurt me—I'm used to a good soakin' mighty nigh every drenchin' rain. I slept with a stream of it tricklin' through the roof on my back one night, an' I've milched the cows in that thar lot when the mire was shoe-mouth deep in January. I 'lowed I'd find you out here. You used to be a mighty hand to sneak off and study, and you are still that away. But you are different in some things, too. You don't talk our way exactly, an' I reckon that's what aggravates Mark. He was goin' on jest now about yore stuck-up way o' eatin' with yore pocket-handkerchief spread out in yore lap."

King looked past her at the full moon rising above the trees on the mountain-top.

"Mother," said he, abruptly, and he put his arm impulsively around her neck, and his eyes filled—"mother, I can't stay here but a few days. I have work to do in Atlanta. Your health is bad and you are not comfortable; the others are strong and can stand it, but you can't. Come

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down there with me for a while, anyway. I'll put you under a doctor and bring back your health."

She looked up into his eyes steadily for a moment, then she slapped him playfully on the breast and drew away from him. "How foolish you talk fer a grown-up man!" she laughed; "why, you know I can't leave Mark and the children. He'd go stark crazy 'thout me around to grumble at, an' the rest ud be without my advice an' counsel. La me, what makes you think I ain't comfortable? This cabin is a sight better than the last one we had, an' drier an' a heap warmer inside when fire-wood kin be got. Hard times like these now is likely to come at any time an' anywhar. It strikes rich an' pore alike. Thar's Dickerson offerin' that fine old farm, with all the improvements, fer a mere song to raise money to go into business whar he kin hope to pay out o' debt. They say that the place—lock, stock, and barrel—kin be had fer ten thousand. Why, when you was a boy, he would have refused twenty. Now, if we-all had it instead o' him, Mark an' Jake could make it pay like rips, fer they are hard workers."

"You think they could, mother?" His heart bounded suddenly, and he stood staring thoughtfully into her eyes.

"Pay?—of course they could. Fellers that could keep a roof over a family's head on what they've had to back 'em could get rich on a place like that. But, la me, what's the use o' pore folks thinkin' about the property o' the rich an' lucky? It's like dreamin' you are a queen at night an' wakin' up in hunger an' rags."

"I remember the farm and the old house very well," King remarked, reflectively, the queer light still in his earnest eyes.

"The *old* one! Huh, Dickerson got on a splurge the year you left, an' built a grand new one with some money from his wife's estate. He turned the old one into a big barn an' stable an' gin. You must see the new house 'fore you go away, Luke. It's jest splendid, with green blinds to the winders, a fancy spring-house with a tin rooster on top that p'ints the way the wind blows, and and on high stilts like thar's a big tank and a windmill to keep the house supplied with water. I hain't never been in it, but they say they've got wash-tubs long enough to lie down in handy to every sleepin'-room, and no end of fancy contraptions."

"We'd better go in, mother," he said, abruptly. "You'll catch your death of cold out here in the dew."

She laughed as they walked back to the cabin, side by side. A thick smoke and its unpleasant odor met them at the door.

"It's Mark burning rags inside to oust the mosquitoes so he kin sleep," she explained. "They are wuss this year than I ever seed 'em. Seems like the general starvation has tackled them, too, fer they look like they will eat a body up whether or no. Jake an' the gals grease their faces with lamp-oil when they have any, but I jest kiver up my head with a rag an' never know they are about. I reckon we'd better go to bed. Jake has fixed him a pallet on the fodder in the loft, so you kin lie by yoreself. He's been jowerin' at his pa ever since supper about treatin' you so bad. I thought once they'd come to blows."

The next morning, after breakfast, Jake threw a bag of shelled corn on the back of his mare, and, mounting upon it as if it were a saddle, he started off down the valley to the mill, and his father shouldered an axe and went up the hill to cut wood.

"Whar you going?" Mrs. Bruce asked, as she followed Luke to the door.

His eyes fell to the ground. "I

thought," he answered. "that I'd walk over to the Dickerson farm and take a look at the improvements. I used to hunt over that land."

"Well, whatever you do, be sure you get back to dinner," she said. "Me an' Jake took a torch last night after you went to bed an' blinded a hen on the roost and pulled her down; I'm going to make you an old-time chicken-pie like you used to love on Christmas."

Half a mile up the road, which ran along the side of the hill from which the slow, reverberating clap, clap of Mark Bruce's axe came on the still air, King came into view of the rich, level lands of the Dickerson plantation. He stood in the shade of a tall poplar and looked thoughtfully at the lush green meadows, the well-tilled fields of corn, cotton, and sorghum, and the large, two-storied house, barns and stables, and the white-gravelled drives and walks from the house to the main road. Then he turned and looked back at the cabin—the home of his nearest kin.

The house was hardly discernible in the gray morning mist that lingered over the little vale in which it stood. He saw Jake, far away, riding along, in and out, among the sassafras and sumach bushes that bordered a worn-out wheat-field, his long legs dangling at the sides of the mare. There was a blent, blurred figure at the wood-pile in the yard; it was his mother or one of the girls.

"Poor souls!" he exclaimed; "they have been in a dreary tread-mill all their lives, and have never known the joy of one gratified ambition. If only I could conquer my own selfish desires, I could lay before them that which they never dreamed of possessing—a glorious taste of genuine happiness. It would take my last dollar of ready money, but I'd still have my interest in the new paper and this brain and will of mine. Aunt Ann would never see it my way, and she might throw me over for doing it, but why shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I do it when my very soul cries out for it? Why have I been preaching this thing all this time and making converts right and left if I am to draw back the first time a real opportunity confronts me? It may be to test my mettle. Yes, that's what it is. I've got to do one or the other—keep the money—or give it to them."

Chapter XVI.

King turned towards the Dickerson place and walked on, a great weight of indecision on him. He had always held up Ann Boyd as his highest human example. She would laugh the idea to scorn—the idea of putting old Mark Bruce and his "lay-out" into such a home and circumstances; and yet, estimable as she was in many things, still she was not a free woman. She showed that by her slavery to the deepest hatred that ever burned in a human breast. No, it was plain to the young philosopher that in some things, at least, she was no guide for him. Rather might it not eventually result in the hate-hardened woman's learning brighter walks of life from him, young as he was? And yet, he told himself, the money was his, not theirs, and few really succeeded in life who gave away their substance.

The road led him past Jane Hemingway's cottage, and at the fence, in the barn-yard, he saw Virginia. He saw her, bareheaded, with her wonderful hair and exquisite profile and curve of neck, shoulder and breast, before she was aware of his approach, and the view brought him to a stand behind some bushes which quite hid him from her view.

"It is Virginia—it must be—yes, it is Virginia!" he said, ecstatically. "She has become what I knew she would become, the loveliest woman in the world; she is exactly as I have

fancied her all these years—proud, erect—and her eyes, oh! I must look into her eyes again! Ah, now I know what brought me home! Now I know why I was not content away. Yes, this was the cause—Virginia—my little friend and pupil—Virginia!"

She had turned her head, and with the startled look of a wild young fawn on the point of running away, she stood staring at him.

"Have you entirely forgotten me, Virginia?" he asked, advancing almost with instinctive caution towards her.

"Oh no, now I know you," she said, with, he thought, quite the girlish smile he had taken with him in his roaming, and she leaned over the fence and gave him her hand. He felt it pulsing warmly in his, and a storm of feeling—the accumulation of years—rushed over him as he looked into the eyes he had never forgotten, and marvelled over their wonderful lights and shadows. It was all he could do to steady his voice when he next spoke.

"It has been several years since I saw you," he said, quite aimlessly. "In fact, you were a little girl then, Virginia, and now you are a woman, a full-grown woman—just think of that! But why are you looking at me so steadily from head to foot?"

"I—I can hardly realize that it really is you," Virginia said. "You see, Luke—Mr. King, I mean—I thought you were—really, I thought you were dead. My mother has said it many times. She quite believed it, for some reason or other."

"She *wanted* to believe it, Virginia, with all respect to your mother. She hates Aunt Ann—Mrs. Boyd you know—and it seems she almost hoped I'd never amount to anything, since it was Mrs. Boyd's means that gave me my education."

"Yes, that's the way it must have been," admitted the girl, "and it seems strange for you to be here when I have thought I'd perhaps never see you again."

"So you really thought I was done for?" he said, trying to assume a calmness he was far from feeling under the titillating spell her beauty and sweet, musical voice had cast over him.

"Yes, mother often declared it was so, and then—" She broke off, her color rising slightly.

"And, then, Virginia—?" he reminded her, eagerly.

She looked him frankly in the eyes; it was the old, fearless, childlike glance that had told him long ago of her strong, inherent nobility of character.

"Well, I really thought if you *had* been alive you'd have come back to your mother. You would have written, anyway. She's been in a pitiful condition, Mr. King."

"I know it now, Virginia," he said, his cheeks hot with shame. "I'm afraid you'll never understand how a sane man could have acted as I have, but I went away furious with her and her husband, and I never allowed my mind to dwell in tenderness on her."

"That was no excuse," the girl said, still firmly, though her eyes were averted. "She had a right to marry again, and, if you and her husband couldn't get along together, that did not release you from your duty to see that she was given ordinary comfort. I've seen her walk by here and stop to rest, when it looked like she could hardly drag one foot after another. The thought came to me once that she was starving to give what she had to eat to the others."

"You needn't tell me about it," he faltered, the flames of his shame mounting high in his face—"I stayed there last night. I saw enough to drag my soul out of my body. Don't form hasty judgment

yet, Virginia. You shall see that I'll do my duty now. I'll work my hands to the bone."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you talk that way," the girl answered. "It would make her so happy to have help from you."

"Your ideas of filial duty were always beautiful, Virginia," he said, his admiring eyes feasting on her face. "I remember once—I shall never forget it—it was the day you let me wade across the creek with you in my arms. You said you were too big to be carried, but you were as light as a feather. I could have carried you that way all day and never been tired. It was then that you told me in all sincerity that you would die for your mother's sake. It seemed a strangely unselfish thing for a little girl to say, but I believe now that you'd do it."

"Yes, in my eyes it is the first, almost the *whole* of one's duty in life," Virginia replied. "I hardly have a moment's happiness now, owing to my mother's failing health."

"Yes, I was sorry to hear she was afflicted," said King. "She's up and about, though, I believe."

"Yes, but she is suffering more than mere bodily pain. She has her trouble on her mind night and day. She's afraid to die, Luke. That's queer to me. Even at my age I'd not be afraid, and she is old, and really ought not to care. I'd think she would have had enough of life, such as it has been from the beginning till now, full of strife, anger, and envy. I hear her calling me now, and I must go in. Come to see her, won't you?"

"Yes, very soon," King said, as she turned away. He stood at the fence and watched her as she moved gracefully over the grass to the gate near the cottage. At the door she turned and smiled upon him, and then was gone.

"Yes, I now know why I came back," he said. "It was Virginia—little Virginia—that brought me. Oh, God, isn't she beautiful—isn't she strong of character and noble? Away back there when she wore short dresses she believed in me. Once" (he caught his breath) "I seemed to see the dawn of love in her eyes, but it has died away. She has outgrown it. She thought me dead; she didn't want to think me alive and capable of neglecting my mother. Well, she shall see. She, too, looks on me as an idle drift-about; in due time she shall know I am more serious than that. But I must go slowly; if I am too impulsive I may spoil all my chances, and, Luke King, if that woman does not become your wife you will be a failure—a dead failure at everything to which you lay your hands, for you'd never be able to put your heart into anything again—you couldn't, for it's hers for all time and eternity."

It was dusk when he returned to his mother's cabin. Jake sat on his warm bag of meal just inside the door. Old Mark had taken off his shoes, and sat under a persimmon-tree "cooling off" and yelling impatiently at his wife to "hurry up supper."

When she heard Luke had returned, she came to the door where he sat talking to Jake. "We didn't know what had become of you," she said, as she emerged from the cabin, bending her head to pass through the low doorway.

"I got interested in looking over the Dickerson farm," he replied, "and before I realized it the sun was almost down."

"Oh, it didn't matter; I saved you a piece of pie; I'm just warming it over now. I'll bet you didn't get a bite o' dinner."

"Yes, I did. The fact is, Dickerson remembered me, and made me go

to dinner with him; but I'm ready to eat again."

As they were rising from the table a few minutes later, King said, in a rather constrained tone, "I've got something to say to you all, and I may as well do it now."

With much clatter they dragged their chairs after him to the front room and sat down with awkward ceremony—the sort of dignified quiet that usually governed them during the visit of some strolling preacher or benighted peddler. They stared with ever-increasing wonder as he placed his own chair in front of them. Old Mark seemed embarrassed by the formality of the proceedings, and endeavored to relieve himself by assuming indifference. He coughed conspicuously and hitched his chair back till it leaned against the door-jamb.

There was a queer, boyish tremor in Luke King's voice when he began to speak, and it vibrated there till he had finished.

"Since I went away from you," he began, his eyes on the floor, "I have studied hard and closely applied myself to a profession, and, though I've wandered about a good deal, I've made it pay pretty well. I'm not rich, now, but I'm worth more than you think I am. In big cities the sort of talent I happen to have brings a sort of market-price, and I have profited by my calling. You have never had any luck, and you have worked hard and deserve more than has fallen to your lot. You'd never be able to make anything on this poor land, even if you could buy your supplies as low as those who pay cash, but you have not had the ready money at any time, and the merchants have swindled you on every deal you've made with them. The Dickerson plantation is the sort of place you really need. It is worth double the price he asked for it. I happened to have the money to spare, and I bought it today while I was over there."

There was a profound silence in the room. The occupants of the chairs stared at him with widening eyes, mute and motionless. A sudden breeze came in at the door and turned the oblong flame of the candle on the mantel towards the wall, and caused black ropes of smoke from the pine-knots in the chimney to curl out into the room like pyrotechnic snakes. Mrs. Bruce bent forward and peered into King's motionless face and smiled and slily winked, then she glanced at the serious faces of the others, and broke into a childish laugh of genuine merriment.

"La me! ef you-uns ain't settin' thar with mouths open like bull-frogs swallowin' down ever--thing that boy says, as ef it was so much law and gospel."

But none of them entered her mood; indeed, they gave her not so much as a glance. Without replying to her, King rose and took the candle from the mantel-piece. He stood it on the table and laid a folded document beside it. "There's the deed," he said. "It's made out to mother as long as she lives, and to fall eventually to her step-daughters and step-son, Jake."

He left the paper on the table and went back to his chair. An awkward silence ensued. It was broken by old Mark. He coughed and threw his tobacco-quid out at the door, and, smiling to hide his half-skeptical agitation, he moved to the table. His gaunt back was to them, and his grizzled face was out of view when he bent to hold the paper in the light.

"By Jacks, that's what it is!" he blurted out. "There's no shenanigan about it. The Dickerson place is Mariar Habersham Bruce's, ef *I* kin read writin'."

With a great clatter of heavy shoes and tilted chairs falling back into place, they rose and gathered about him, leaving their benefactor submerged in their combined shadow.

Each took the paper, examined it in reverent silence, and then slowly fell back, leaving the document on the table. Mark Bruce started aimlessly towards the next room, but finally turned to the front door, where he stood irresolute, staring out at the night-wrapped mountain road. Mrs. Bruce looked at Luke helplessly and went into the next room, and, exchanging glances of dumb wonder with each other, the girls followed. Jake noticed that the wind was blowing the document from the table, and he rescued it and silently offered it to his step-brother.

King motioned it from him. "Give it to mother," he said. "She'll take care of it; besides, it's been recorded at the court-house. By-the-way, Dickerson will get out at once; the transfer includes all the furniture, and the crops, which are in a good condition."

King had Jake's bed to himself again that night. For hours he lay awake listening to the insistent drone of conversation from the family, which had gathered under the apple-trees in front of the cabin. About eleven o'clock some one came softly into his room. The moon had risen, and its beams fell in at the open door and through a window with a sliding window shutter. It was Mrs. Bruce, and she was moving with catlike caution.

"Is that you, mother?" he asked.

For an instant she was so much startled at finding him awake that she made no reply. Then she stammered: "Oh, I was trying so hard not to wake you! I jest wanted to make shore yore bed was comfortable. We put new straw in the tick today, and sometimes new beds lie lumpy and uneven."

"It's all right," he assured her. "I wasn't asleep, anyway."

He could feel her still trembling in excitement as she sat down on the edge of the bed. "I reckon you couldn't sleep, nuther," she said. "Thar hain't a shut eye in this cabin. They've all laid down, an' laid down, an' got up over and over." She laughed softly and twisted her hands nervously in her lap. "We are all that excited we don't know which end of us is up. Why, Luke, boy, it will be the talk of the whole county, and it'll be a big feather in old Ann Boyd's cap—you goin' off an' makin' money so fast after she give you your schoolin', an' they all predicted it ud come to no good end. Sech luck hain't fell to any family as pore as we are sence I kin remember. I don't know as I ever heard o' such a thing in my life. La me, it ud make you split your sides laughin' to set out thar an' listen to all the plans them children are a-makin' But Mark, he has the least to say of all, an', Luke, as happy as I am, I'm sorter sorry fer that pore old fellow. He feels bad about the way he's always treated you, an' run down yore kind o' work. He's too back'ard an' shamefaced to ax yore pardon, an' in a sheepish sort of a way, jest now, he hinted he'd like fer me to plaster it over for 'im. He's a good man, Luke, but he's gittin' old an' childish, an' has been hounded to death by debt an' circumstances."

"He's all right," King said, strangely moved. "Tell him I have not the slightest ill-will against him, an' hope he'll get along well on the new place."

"Somehow you keep talkin' like you don't intend to stay long," she said, tentatively.

"I know, but I sha'n't be far away," he replied. "I can run up from my work in Atlanta every now and then, and it would be great to rest up on a farm among home folks, here in the mountains."

"Well, I'll be glad of that," Mrs. Bruce said, plaintively. "I have got

sorter used to my step-children, but they ain't the same as a body's own flesh and blood. I'm proud of you, Luke," she added, tremulously. "After all my fears that you'd not come to much, you've turned out to be my main-stay. You'll be a great man before you die. Anybody that kin make an' throw away ten thousand dollars as easy as you have, ain't no small potato as men go these days. I reckon the trouble with us all is that none of us had brains enough to comprehend what yore aims was. But Ann Boyd did. She's the most wonderful woman that ever lived in this part of the country, anyhow—kicked an' shoved about, hated and hatin', an' yet ever' now an' then hittin' the nail square on the head an' doin' somethin' big an' grand—something Christ-like an' holy—like what she done when she withdrawed her suit agin Gus Willard, simply because it would throw Mark out of a job to go on with it."

"Yes, she's a good woman, mother."

Mrs. Bruce went out, so that her son might go to sleep, but he slept very little. All night, at intervals, the buzz of low voices and sudden outbursts of merriment reached him and found soothing lodgment in his satisfied soul. Then, too, he was revelling in the memory of Virginia Hemingway's eyes and voice, and a dazzling hope that his meeting with her had inspired.

His mother stole softly into his room towards the break of day. This time it was to bring an old shawl, full of holes and worn to shreds, which she cautiously spread over him, for the mountain air had grown cool. She thought him asleep, but as she was turning away he caught her hand and drew her down and kissed her.

"Why, Luke!" she exclaimed; "don't be foolish! What's got in you? I—" But her voice had grown husky, and her words died away in an irrepressible sob. She did not stir for an instant, then she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

FROM PATCHER TO PRESIDENT.

BY LEUMAS KNOX POLK.

IT WAS on a June day in 1850, during the era of his earlier triumphs in political life, that Andrew Johnson went again into his tailor shop and "cut out" the suit of garments in which my father stood up when he married my mother. The act was in payment of a jocular pledge that Mr. Johnson had made in a previous campaign in which my father's newspaper had rendered effective service.

Few persons now living know, for it was not written down in any biography of him, that Andrew Johnson became a Democrat as an adventure of personal and political expediency. When he had determined to seek a political career the Whigs were in strong dominion of the First District in Eastern Tennessee. General Thomas D. Arnold, who had represented the district in two Congresses,

THE HISTORIC TAILOR SHOP AS IT LOOKS TODAY.

lived in Greenville, was the head of the bar in that division of the State, had large politiccal influence, and had been of material benefit to the young tailor, whose laboriousness, integrity and ambition he admired.

Johnson went privately to General Arnold and confessed his desire to enter the humbler paths of politics. General Arnold, after hearing the ideas of Johnson, said to him, in effect:

"Andy, the Whig party is now overwhelmingly strong. In it are the weightiest and most aspiring men of the State. They have claims upon the party that must be recognized, and that will make it hard for a young and new politician to rise rapidly and high in the party. On the other hand, the Democratic party is weak, it needs issues and a leader. It will welcome any man who has those helps to its cause. Join it and you will meet with little competition. If you want to succeed in politics—go with the Democrats."

Johnson pondered the advice, found it good, and broke forth into a fever of democracy. He ran for alderman in a Whig town and was elected. Next he beat a Whig for State representative, and then succeeded a Whig as State Senator. After which he turned a Whig out of Congress and took his seat. In two campaigns in the middle '50's he whipped Whig candidates, the strongest that party could advance, for governor, and from the governorship went to the United States Senate.

Andrew Johnson worked out the counsel of General Arnold until from a patcher of old clothing and tailor of the town, he became president of the United States of America!

After his stormy career in the White House the ex-President returned to his home in Greenville and lived quietly for a few years, but not with the thought of abandoning political activity. He was hot to re-enter the national arena at the first opportunity. He believed what he charged,

that "General Grant lied to me in the Stanton matter and thwarted the pacific plans of Mr. Lincoln and myself for the successful and amicable restoration of the Union under the Constitution."

Mr. Johnson passionately desired to get back in Congress that he might there expose and confound many of the public men of the day who had turned against him and conspired to impeach him and turn him out of the presidency in disgrace before the eyes of the civilized world. He spent four years carefully collecting and fixing his ammunition for that campaign. In 1872 he ran for the office of Congressman from the State at large in Tennessee, but was defeated. In 1875, however, he was chosen to the United States Senate and sat through the few weeks of the called special session. During the recess of that year he died and now the government of the United States is to honor his memory by making a Federal Memorial Park on and about the hill at Greenville, where his body rests and his monument stands.

ANDREW JOHNSON'S TOMB AT GREENEVILLE, TENN.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

BY ABBIE FOSDICK RANSOM.

She left the electric car at the corner and hurried down the street toward home. A little woman with a form trim as a cedar tree and lithe as a poplar, while her face showed many a wrinkle under the rather shabby hat. Her jacket was all too thin for the weather and her teeth were chattering as she pushed open the outer door and entered the living room.

Her husband rose at her appearance, and pulling up a chair mutely invited her to a seat by the grate.

"It's going to be a terrible night, Harlow," was her greeting. "The temperature is below freezing now."

"The wind is rising too, isn't it?" helping her with hat and jacket.

"Yes, and I do so dread the wind. Whenever it strikes me I want to sink down into a little heap while it passes over me. I have no strength to fight against it. There was a blockade on Summit street and I had to wait for a car for nearly twenty minutes just there where the wind sweeps up from the lake."

She unlaced her shoes and stretched out her stockinged feet to the blaze. He watched her without speaking for a time, then he said in a tone which held a remonstrance for speaking at all:

"I don't like to tell you of it, Esther, but Harvey sent a messenger here twice this evening after you."

Her eyes flashed inquiry into his face but she did not speak, she could not. Harvey, their boy, her best loved, yet withal, so devil-may-care, the one who acted first and thought afterward; was he in trouble or why had he sent for her on such an evening?

"He sent note. There it is on the table, nothing in it. He only wants you to come to him and I protest. You are not going out again tonight. Why has he not come himself instead of sending?"

She took the note from the table and read. Once, twice, three times, before its meaning impressed itself upon her brain.

"He doesn't say a word, only wants me to meet him at Cedar Hill. I must go, Harlow; he would never send for me if something were not wrong." As she spoke the note was replaced and the shoes were being hurriedly drawn on.

"Esther, it is ten o'clock; it will be eleven by the time you reach Cedar Hill. If I could go with you, —I am almost tempted to try." One white hand opened and closed again as though to test its power to combat wind and cold.

"You must not think of it." Her whole character burst out in the decision of her tone. "You are getting along nicely now, and it would surely put you in bed again. Why, you haven't been out of doors in three months, and to speak of it such a night as this. I must go and alone. A boy was here twice, you say?"

All the time her hands were busy. The shoes were laced, hat and jacket put on deftly as women of her make-up know how. She was cold, chilled to the quick, that did not matter. Their boy was in trouble, had sent for her, she must go. Never yet had he called in vain. Was he not hers

to aid, to comfort, to be sacrificed for?

She took out her purse and scanned the contents. There was a little, a very little silver in it. She had been counting upon Harvey to help them through the week. Well, it was not the first time he had disappointed them, but it would all work out right in the end. The one thing necessary now was to get to him as quickly as possible, learn the worst and make the best come of it, whatever the worst might be.

At the corner the car had just started. Ten minutes wait for another. The wind pierced her, froze her until her blood partook of the chill at her heart. Particles of snow were slowly falling,—drifting along, first one and then another, to lie in greyish heaps in little spaces on the flagging, topping the edges of the curbing with a fine braiding, twisted and turned in many an intricate design. The electric lights shone white upon the cold, grey lines of steel stretching away into each succeeding circle of light and the wind swept and moaned among the wires until she quivered and shook in unison with them. At last the car came. She boarded it, shivering as with an ague while her heart was counting the minutes, overleaping the miles ahead in her desire to reach the boy. What had he done? He had never been in any real trouble, never done anything actually bad, but ever since he had been able to creep he had gone from one thing to another, anything, everything he had fancied, right or wrong, and for twenty years she had lived with her heart in her throat wondering what would come next. Now it was here, else he would never have sent for her with such urgency.

She left the car at the Hill. No one was in sight. Back and forth, forth and back she walked the little piece of road in front of the Station. At that late hour the agent was gone and no one was admitted until morning. She waited until waiting was torture. The mercury was falling rapidly and the wind was apparently trying to establish an equilibrium. It rushed around the corner, bore down upon her, over her, whirled swiftly back, caught her and wrapped her close. It held her until she cried with pain; tears froze on her cheeks and her veil was stiff as a shingle. At last away down the street she saw a single figure coming toward her with a step which could belong to no one except him for whom she waited. Her fingers clutched each other and held fast. Yes, it was he. Her fears were all in vain. It was not that—. Then she almost laughed at the thought which had possessed her.

"You're here, are you, mother?" he said as he tucked her arm within his, falling into step with her. "It grew so late I had almost given you up."

His tone was cheery and his head had a certain carriage that was new. His whole aspect spoke of something which had transformed the boy into the man, giving authority and dignity. She gazed at him in wonder while a restfulness came upon her and the agony of the last hour was forgotten in its peace.

"I was in the city when your note came." Something bound her lips together as with a cord and speech was difficult. "I started as soon as I heard."

She asked no questions. If he were waiting for them, if the telling of what he must say would be the easier for questioning, she kept them in her heart. They walked along until one, two, three blocks were behind them when he drew her closer to him, speaking in a tone which more than once had gained him his desire.

"Mother, in my room down the street here some one is waiting to see you and I am taking you there."

She understood. Slowly she withdrew her arm from his and standing upon the flagging looked into

"COME," HE SAID "I AM TAKING YOU TO HER."

his face. His words repeated themselves over and over until her very soul cried out in rebellion. He, her boy, her only one save for the daughter lying these many years under the hillside grass, had left her without a word, he had filled his heart with another image and that without a thought of her, his mother. A resentment, fierce, unreasoning as her love, took form within her and made her hard as the stones beneath her feet.

"Who is she?" Her voice sounded afar off, like the voice of the wind through the mountain passes. "What is she? How long has this been?"

He clasped her again to himself and hurried onward; in him a mastery at which she marvelled and struck against.

"Come," he said, "I am taking you to her. I will tell you nothing until you see. But, mother, you have often said you loved me for myself and for my sister, too. Now, love me for myself and love my wife for the daughter who is dead."

That was all. It was enough, more than enough. The words threw even her physical pain into the balance against him. She almost hated him for daring to ask love for one whom she had never seen, whom she could not even call by name. Why should any girl take from her, unasking, what belonged to her as gift of God? He was hers, all hers, hers by right of love and suffering; hers by right of years of her own life poured unceasing into his; hers because through her his life had been filled to overflowing.

They reached a house where a light was burning near the roof. Up the stairs he led her, unresisting, until three flights were below them and they stood before a closed door. Then she faced him again.

"How long has this been?" she demanded. "Why did you not tell us? Why did you not come instead of sending? What right had you to so abuse your sick father's confidence? Do you not know that he is home suffering alone, dreading for me, filled with anxiety because of your message? Harvey, this is a bitter thing which you have done."

For the first time that night the boy she had known stood before her; in his eyes the old expression of conscious guilt, of repentance for wrong doing. His voice was the voice of a son seeking forgivenness.

"I didn't think, mother; now I remember how the cold pinches you. But it seemed as though I could not rest until you knew, and you musn't think anything until you have seen her. We were only married last night and had you known you would have prevented. I am only twenty, you know, and she is two months younger."

Only twenty! Her eyes went beyond him to a little child sitting between the rails of an electric car track half way down a steep hill in the country. She saw the motorman trying in vain to stop the car while she, herself, was springing towards the child with arms out-reaching. She felt the car strike just after she had caught him up, felt the impact as she struck the earth, far to the side, the child uninjured. She felt the days and nights of pain that followed for her. Then she saw that other one, the daughter, older than he by two years—the child with Puritan ways, whose one care from babyhood had been for her mother. She had never given anxiety, never anything but delight. She saw that one lying in a casket covered with smilax and the delicate blooms of the woodsey Quaker Lady. She saw whole fields of that wonderfully beautiful flower and the little child who loved them calling to her from their midst. Then she felt the baby fingers of this boy stroking her face with tender caress. For once, sorrow had awed him to thoughtfulness. Some way, she could not see beyond that casket, she stood there looking into it and feeling

again the touch of his fingers upon her face until his voice brought her back to the present pain.

"You know, mother, you might have prevented my obtaining a marriage license."

A marriage license; yes, that had been necessary. She spoke with supreme effort.

"Yes, you are only twenty; how did you obtain one?"

He faltered and looked down. His words were almost a defiance when they came.

"I told them I was twenty-one."

In spite of himself the scorn in her eyes drew his from the floor. He looked straight into her face while her reply reddened his cheeks as though a flame passed over them.

"So you have not only deceived me but you—lied. A fine preparation with which to enter the Holy of Holies, is it not?"

He seemed to shrink and shrivel until he dwindled to the stature of a child. At last he placed his hand upon the door, partly turning the knob with irresolute touch.

"Will you see her, mother?" and his voice was pleading.

She gave a slight movement of the head and he opened the door. In the further end of the room a girl was seated, the crimson covering of the chair lending whiteness to a face as white as the petals of the moonflower. Great, grey eyes beneath dark hair falling low around her face; a strong nose with chin and mouth holding the resolution of a man-of-arms and while the woman in the door stood as a statue the girl rose to her feet. The son passed his arm around her waist and led her forward.

"Mother," he said, a sob forcing its way unchecked in to the words, "this is my wife; won't you welcome her? Won't you let her take the place of the daughter who is gone?"

There was no answer; there could be none. Her daughter was dead, none could take her place. How dared anyone, no matter how dear, suggest such a thing? He drew the girl nearer, his hand went out and clasped his mother's, bringing them together.

"Mother," he pleaded, "this is my wife; is she not daughter, too?"

Deliberately the woman withdrew her hand from his, then she closed the door tightly, standing with her back against it. The trembling which had possessed her was all gone; it was as if the wind had tempered her to steel. For a moment the room was still, so still they might have counted each other's breathing until a whisper, low as the wind music of a forest pine, came from the girl.

"My mother, Harvey has told me so much about you I feel that you must have been my mother these many, many years. I love you, will you not love me just a little for Harvey's sake until you can love me for my own?"

The brown eyes of the woman were magnet strong to hold the grey ones of the girl and her voice, to him who listened was no voice; it was the resound of metal on the anvil smitten by the worker in iron.

"Did you not know Harvey had a mother before you became his wife?" The question had menace in it and a fear crept into the face of the girl as the response came, hesitatingly:

"Yes, but—I—we—"

"Very well; yesterday you refused that mother a vital confidence; tonight, you ask for her love."

Now the brown eyes were turned full upon the boy's. His never left her lips. He was wondering, curiously wondering, how one could speak with lips drawn in a hard, straight line across the teeth, taking to themselves no form of the spoken word.

"Harvey, I have always said that no matter what you might do your mother would never desert you. It

is as true tonight as yesterday, but now you have deserted me. You have deserted your father at a time when, of all others, you are most needed. You still have a mother but that mother has no son." She raised her hand until it pointed straight at the girl clinging to his arm.

"Your way lies there; mine,—God help me—your father and I walk alone now; whither, does not matter."

The hand fell until it rested upon the knob of the door. Quietly it was opened. "It is goodby forever," they heard her murmur as it closed behind her.

The next day she was lying in the bed her husband had occupied for so many weeks. He was standing beside her and with him were the two whom she had gone to meet the night before. Now again they were listening to what she might say.

"Oh, I am so cold, so cold. I cannot walk very much further. If I could only find Harvey he would help me. Harvey! Harvey!" She was pleading as the sea pleads for a rest which is forever denied. "Oh, he is lost in the darkness. My little one! I cannot see the water for this great cliff which bars my path, but the wind is moaning; the tide must be coming in. If I could lie down upon the sand and rest a moment then I might find him. Harvey, my boy, my only one."

Her arms went out as though to gather him up as she did that day upon the car track; for a moment she was still and then the pathetic wandering would begin all over again. Softly they turned away and going out stood before the grate whose warmth she had left for him the night before. Then the father spoke:

"When she left you last night the last car had gone. She walked all that long distance home in the storm and darkness. It was easier for you to send for her than to come home. Today, I sent for you that you might look upon your work. I hope the result pleases and now you may go. From now on as she told you last night we have no son."

The boy was standing leaning against the mantle, his head downcast. Never before within his memory had his mother been sick. He had grown to think she could not be other than always cheerful, bright and flitting from one duty to another as a bird flits from branch to blossom. Tears were shining in his eyes as he replied:

"Father, you are too hard; I didn't think—"

The rebuke was a lightning flash:

"You had no right not to think. Now, go; I must attend to my wife."

But the girl was standing before them, tall, straight and stern as Zenobia.

"Your father is right," she said. "You had no right not to think. But you did think, only your thought was how surest to attain your desires, and you deceived me as well as your mother. You know that as well as I."

She turned swiftly from him and a hand went out in appealing gesture to the grey haired man. "Let me stay and help you. I am a nurse by profession and you have no one. As for Harvey," the glance she gave him held nothing but disdain, "he is not my husband; such a marriage is no marriage. When his mother forgives, then I have a right to claim him, he has a right to claim me. Now, let me alone; I will give her back to you and when that is done, I, too, will go away and trouble you no more."

Before either could speak she had disappeared within that room where lay so much of misery. A half hour later when she came out Harvey had gone and the man's head was buried in his arms upon the table. For three weeks they were too busy to even wonder where he had gone, and then, one day, he came once more into the little sitting room. His face was hag-

gard, white and hollow as his mother's; in his eyes the look of a criminal hunted to the death.

"Father," he begged," will you not let me see her just a moment or else tell me how she is? I am starving for one word from her. Never before have I known what thinking means, but now I think, think, think until life is nothing but an agony. I fall asleep from very weariness of thinking and then I keep on thinking in my dreams. I see her wandering on and on as she did in her talk here that morning, and I am always just a little ways ahead where she cannot see me. Let me look at her a moment and then I will go away."

Out from the sick room came the girl. A light shone in the grey eyes and a smile was in the corners of the weary mouth which in these weeks had forgotten the uses of a smile. She gave a searching look into the haggard face and read a story there which satisfied.

"Father," she said, "mother has awakened and seems stronger. She will not speak of it, but for days her eyes have been fixed upon this room and they have been growing hungrier and hungrier. Just now she heard Harvey's voice and the look upon her face is simply awful in its pain. If you are willing, I think, I believe—"

For an instant his hand rested carelessly upon the shoulder of the girl and then he answered:

"If she can forgive, wants to see him, I have nothing to say. He sinned against her far more than me."

The girl crossed the room and took the boy by the hand. "Come." The word sounded like a benediction and he followed as though to enter the presence of the dead.

She re-entered the sick room, the boy but a step behind. She saw the white face upon the pillow transformed; had the wing of an angel touched there in passing it could not more quickly have lost its pain; she saw the boy, staggering, groping his way to the bedside he could not see for tears, fall down upon his knees.

"Mother, my mother," he whispered between sobs, "I have no right, no right at all to ask, but will you kiss me as you used to do? I am starving, starving for my mother's love."

A thin hand reached out to caress the repentant head and the girl, with a face from which the weariness had all faded, went softly out and closed the door.

THE LIGHT OF JEFFERSON.

BY HOWARD SINGLETON TAYLOR.

With bare, bowed heads and standing up
We lift a loyal loving cup
  And give the name of one
Who was the light of Freedom's host,
Our father's pride, our country's boast,
A name we love, the name we toast,
  The patriot Jefferson!

He came like Moses, sent of God,
His pen the wave-dividing rod
  That opened Freedom's way
Out of the ancient, dark domain
Of violence and fear and pain,
Where bigots rage and tyrants reign,
  Into the better day!

Wide-minded, wise and wisely good,
His lucid spirit understood
  The villiany of spoil;
That God Almighty never gave
One man, however wise and brave,
The right to make another slave
  And fatten on his toil.

He leveled up, he leveled down;
The beggar's clout, the monarch crown,
  He held as equal things;
The children playing by the door
Where dwell the unknown, humble poor,
He knew might do and count for more
  Than any line of kings!

His reverent eyes could always trace
God's image in the human face;
And each man, great or small,
He judged alone by moral worth
And claimed for each by right of birth
A chance to live on God's green earth
And share the hopes of all!

He knew the bulwarks of the State,
The things that guard and make it great
Lie not in brutal might;
But in the force of free consent,
And honest statutes—framed and meant
To foster labor, peace, content,
Equality and right!

Thus from his heart he sagely drew
In lines of light, forever true,
Our nation's august Chart.
Tyrants and robbers hate and fear
That beacon torch so bright and clear,
But time and trial make it dear
To every freeman's heart.

And so we lift the loving cup
With bare, bowed heads and standing up
We give the name of one
Who is our democratic boast,
The Moses of our marching host,
Whose name we love, whose name we toast,
The name of JEFFERSON!

Crawfordville, Ind.

MRS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST AND HER SON.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS PERSONALLY TAKEN BY MR. HEARST.

The individual who shall come to write the biography of William Randolph Hearst will be confronted with a difficult task. Not that there will be lacking material of things accomplished. Of such there is already an abundance, with more in prospect unless Providence foreswears herself. But the difficulty will lie in reconciling the amazing work standing to his credit, with a personality so intangible—so elusive, that it has been asserted, if not actually a myth, Mr. Hearst is merely synonymous for a syndicate of exceedingly capable journalists and politicians. Yet never was any supposition more remote from fact. At once your paradox. On the one hand consider a very tall man with broad, powerful shoulders and a general build of an athlete. At forty-two Mr. Hearst still practices vigorous physical exercises. As you address him he bends his head slightly forward. Then you observe a high expansive forehead, a long straight nose, a small expressive mouth, and grayish blue eyes in which the light comes and goes as if by a mental process of pleasure or the reverse. Remarkable eyes are those possessed by Mr. Hearst—eyes that when illuminating his smooth, clean-shaven features into a smile invite your frankest confidence. In that smile of Mr. Hearst there is something hypnotic—captivating—irresistible. It is too subtle to be feminine, too craftless to be Oriental. Is he pleased? You hope so but are not quite certain. In a moment it passes away without other emotion, and you feel as if the temperature had fallen. Is he displeased with some question? You are in doubt but hope not, because for all the prejudice you may have conceived against him he wins you in spite of yourself. It is said there are men who will hit straight at the first slur cast upon Mr. Hearst. That would seem merely the proper thing to do when subject to his influence. Yet of his opinion of you there comes not a hint. Add to this outward personality a refined manner, a gentle persuasive voice, and the quiet movements; and you have a figure suggestive of an artistic recluse, or one who was not really much concerned with the big affairs of life.

But stay! This is Hearst—Hearst proprietor of the American, Journal, Examiner, and five other newspapers in as many different cities. By this time every one but a cave dweller knows what these publications represent—the most forceful, daring, tireless policy in modern journalism. In them is invested a capital of some $12,000,000, they cost as much yearly to maintain, and if success be measured by financial profit alone no one will gainsay the term, handsome, as applied to it. Three Hearst magazines mark a comparatively recent departure in another field of literature, and so far no one has heard that all three are not prosperous. And all

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

this vast enterprise, you will be solemnly assured by the very men whose brains are said to be behind the capital power, is the work of Hearst individually—the same Hearst who as a "shy" young man came from Harvard to take the unprofitable San Francisco Examiner off his father, Senator Hearst's hands, and in a short time send it flamingly ahead of any other paper on the Coast.

But this Hearst with the quiet smile and delicate manner, this reserved and apparently solitary figure so far as what is generally understood as companionship goes, is it possible those daring political aspirations bearing his signature, which set the whole country from the Atlantic to the Pacific ablaze, and compelled the "Man with the Big Stick" to enter the contest against him, were of his inception—were directed by his hand? Again you will be told by those said to be the skilled craftsmen in such work that they are merely the lieutenants—able lieutenants, doubtless—but nothing more of the still abler William Randolph Hearst. Is it possible? you exclaim. Yes, quite possible, if you reflect that some of the most forceful characters ever marching across life's stage have been silent "shy" or reserved men, of hidden emotions, and personalities seemingly inconsistent with their projects. If Mr. Hearst's ventures take on the guise of gigantic swashbuckling it is merely the method he uses to attain. He, personally, is no swashbuckler. Let us see how this is by his chosen environment, his procedure in doing things, and such characteristic flashes of the inner man as escape him in spite of habitual restraint.

To begin with, take Mr. Hearst's day's work. As a rule in New York he keeps newspaper hours. Shortly after eleven his slumber is broken in upon by George—his personal servant—with a copy of the *American*. This is outlined by the editorial "bug" in blue pencil for Mr. Hearst's inspection, showing clearly where the *American* has won "beats" from, or lost them to, other papers. While dressing Mr. Hearst takes note of such, also any infractions of editorial rules, for which those responsible are pretty certain to hear later. At noon Mr. Hearst descends to breakfast in a room which would be the delight of any connoisseur of old blue porcelain. It is pointed out to the visitor that the Dutch tiling of the fireplace, the table service—no two cups and saucers alike—and every appointment in excellent taste, are of Mr. Hearst's selection. Breakfast does not occupy Mr. Hearst's attention over half an hour, then to work. In the meantime his private secretary has arrived, also by appointment a gathering of all sorts of people, who for the most part want something of Mr. Hearst—positions on his papers, assistance financial and otherwise. One such is no sooner disposed of than there comes forward another; not infrequently a

PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. HEARST AND GEORGE

In a Ferris Wheel Car Viewing from Aloft the Exposition at St. Louis—Picture Taken Personally by Mr Hearst.

succession of them until late in the afternoon.

Perchance, however, the private secretary is able to withdraw Mr. Hearst to his library to confer with him upon important matters. If by the term, library, you conjure up the conventional den of book cases and plaster casts, dismiss it from your mind. Mr. Hearst is not conventional in anything, which includes his library. The Hearst library suggests rather a museum of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chaldean antiquities—cases filled with gold and bronze ornaments from rock tombs, opalescent glass tear bottles, wax medallions set with jewels, a Roman helmet—Mr. Hearst calls your attention to the Roman helmet—and above all stretched a superb piece of tapestry. In the center of the room stands a handsome carved oak table, and on the table Mr. Hearst's typewriter, about as incongruous piece of mechanism in such surroundings as well could be. If the manufacturer's representatives only knew what Mr. Hearst's machine looks like, they would beseige his door and try to sell him a new one. There is no doubt about its having been in pretty frequent use. And here Mr

Hearst writes editorials, prepares political speeches, and does a vast amount of thinking.

Recreation? Oh, yes, Mr. Hearst has his hobbies—photography, picking up curios, and motoring. If he can escape his petitioners for an hour or so, he likes nothing better than to phone for his auto, and with his beautiful wife, go for a spin in Central Park. Motoring over Europe, in Mexico, or elsewhere is his chosen way of spending a vacation. Here it is in place to refer to Mr. Hearst's taste in art. For the time being he would seem to be somewhat of a nomad, i. e., while he possesses several residences, he has not yet built one to suit himself. The home is in contemplation. That is why his pictures are backed up one against another in what he calls his "junk" room, also containing the mummy of an Egyptian princess and a fine suit of medieval armor. But the pictures, do they in any way indicate what appeals most strongly to Mr. Hearst in art? First you will notice a Lenbach on the wall. Subject—a child portrait of the artist's granddaughter. Then a Jules Breton. Subject—again a child picture, a portrait of the artist's daughter. Then the "Advance Guard" a battle piece by Detaille, "Vaccination" by Bouveret, and a fine head by Gabriel Max. Perhaps Mr. Hearst will take you up to his room and show you a picture by an American artist which hangs at his bedside. Presumably he likes that picture very much, otherwise it would not be there, otherwise he would not invite you to see it. The picture strikes a deep note of human sympathy. Then you recollect that all Mr. Hearst's pictures—children subjects for the most part—convey the same feeling. We may take it for granted, therefore, that as humanity appeals to him in art, he is deeply sensible to any form of human suffering, particularly where children are concerned. But a glance into the room of the little fellow who is said to be the only individual that "bosses" him, and on all sides are evidences of paternal affection.

With the other arts, Mr. Hearst professes not to care overmuch for the opera, though he is a musician of ability. He is a frequent patron of the theatre, however, expressing a preference for American plays because of their cleanliness. Such reading as time permits he devotes to studious works, rarely turning the cover of a novel. In the social side of New York he takes no part, caring nothing at all for such relaxation as other people find in the atmosphere of cafes and clubs. As he neither smokes nor drinks alcoholic liquor, and speechmaking is a task to him, he naturally avoids banquets and stag parties.

So much for the spare time he snatches for entertainment—on the whole rather a negative quantity—now to catch a glimpse of him as a journalist. When in New York Mr. Hearst comes down to the *American* office early in the evening to confer with the chiefs of his staff. If he goes to the theatre, he will appear at the *American* office later, occasionally accompanied by Mrs. Hearst, who takes a deep interest in his journalistic and political careers. In the *American* editorial office there is a handsomely furnished room set apart for Mr. Hearst. One observes a flag of the California Republic draped over the wall beside his desk, a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, a drawing by Remington, and a desk for the private secretary, which the private secretary says he seldom occupies. The reason for this would seem to be that Mr. Hearst does not spend much time in his handsomely furnished private office, but is more likely to be found looking over the forms in the composing room, or in some other place where active work is going on. That is how he employs himself until two o'clock in the morning. To the ques-

"THIS IS GEORGE."

The Bright Boy, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, bearing the name of his paternal grandfather, the late United States Senator, George Hearst, of California.

tion naturall yarising, does Mr. Hearst personally edit the *American?* you will be told that not only does every editorial pass his approval, but he frequently dictates them himself. Moreover when in Washington, Chicago, or elsewhere—he moves from one place to another apparently as a breakfast afterthought—the editorials of the *American* are telegraphed to him before insertion. Similarly the editors of his other papers telegraph their plans to him in New York. Apart from this some two hundred personal letters await his consideration each evening at the *American* office, above the thousands which are addressed to him editorially. Oh, yes, Mr. Hearst, as the saying is, can take his coat off and jump into work. That is how he built up the *Examiner* in San Francisco, also the *American* in New York. It is not an easy thing even with millions to build up a great newspaper property in New York. Another millionaire publisher tried it recently and bought sorrowful experience. Not so, Mr. Hearst. Yet the journalist in the *American* office is to all outward appearances the same quiet, self-contained individual, who permitted you

to gather by intuition rather than by spoken word what was his preference in art. Here again—yes here at the fount and headquarters of "yellow" journalism, humanity is his watchword. Get the truth of things—the tragedy of everyday life—force it upon public notice so that the lesson of it may strike home. Let him who scorns the *American* policy pause a moment before this notice which hangs in the editorial room:

ACCURACY.

"Accuracy will be an essential qualification for a position on this paper. In order to secure accuracy this paper will be read every day and compared with other papers. When accounts differ the stories will be investigated, and if our reporter is responsible for any misstatements, he will be scheduled as inaccurate. At the end of the month the more inaccurate reporters will be dropped from the staff. The quality of getting the news truthfully will be held in high esteem as the ability to tell facts interestingly, and the more accurate reporters will be recognized in the matter of promotion and salary. I am tired of having the paper regarded as inaccurate, and I propose stopping inaccuracy right now if I have to replace the whole staff. I think it only frank and fair to tell the staff exactly what will be required and what they may expect, and I certainly hope that accurate news will be supplied by the present staff without the necessity of any further measure than this announcement."

This is signed W. R. Hearst. Other rules enforce "no slang," "no exaggeration," nothing that will be offensive to common decency, particularly in its relation to women and children. Such at any rate is one view beneath Hearst's flaming "yellow" headlines, to which no man is likely to take exceptions.

And what you will be told in the *American* office to illustrate Hearst's journalistic humanity. Let a few examples be taken at random.

"If a man is starving," says Mr. Hearst, "the first thing to do is to feed him, and then find him a job." Mr. Hearst does not approve of investigating a hard luck story until the subject of it is past relief. Hence upon this principle train loads of supplies rushed to the sufferers at Galveston; also a bowl of soup, a loaf of bread, and a scuttle of coal for fifty thousand people made penniless through a cloakmakers strike.

"Good circulation policy," some will remark, "because there are people—be assured a great number of them—who will remember the donor of relief when the crisis is past, and subsequently read Mr. Hearst's papers."

Very likely that is so, but somehow one feels that it is not all in all back of Mr. Hearst's philanthropy—if you like to call it so, though it probably never occurred to him exactly in that light. But here are one or two instances where his generosity borders on the eccentric.

Again sometime since a deputation of the patrolmen's wives called at the *American* office to solicit a subscription to a benevolent organization which they represented. Mr. Hearst happened to be in Chicago, so the suggestion was telegraphed to him that he give $100.

"Give them $500," came the surprising response.

"Policy," again you may say, "good policy, too, because the patrolmen's wives will very likely induce their husbands and brothers to vote for Hearst."

Perhaps so, but there was certainly no personal end to further, when Hearst picked up a dirty little lost boy from the San Francisco mud and carried him about all day, buying candy and toys, until the bewildered youngster was afraid to speak for fear his voice would dispel a heavenly dream. No! one feels Mr.

A NIGHT VIEW OF A LAGOON BRIDGE AND PALACE FACADE AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. HEARST PERSONALLY.

Hearst gives because it is in his nature to do so, and if it happens to be "bread upon the waters" there is no reproach in its returning manyfold. Toward children his attitude is best illustrated by his journalistic policy regarding the public schools. Says Mr. Brisbane, navigating lieutenant of the *Evening Journal*, "Every editor, every editorial writer, and every reporter, on all the Hearst newspapers, knows that the promotion of public school interests is the chief aim of these newspapers. On this point Mr. Hearst's theory is expressed as follows: 'The public schools should be so good, the public wealth should make them so far superior to any private school, that no father could afford to send his child to any save a public school.'"

Finally Hearst in politics. At a recent gathering of Mr. Hearst's classmates, the letters E. B. O. C. were jocularly attached to his name. Interpreted the letters read—Elevator Boy of the Working Classes. There is an old saying, "that many a true word is spoken in jest." In a sense he is the Elevator Boy of the Working Classes. His aim is not to tear down from above, but to raise

those below to the highest level attainable. Therefore to call him an anarchist is nonsense, and he has denied emphatically being a socialist. So far as one can judge his political creed may be thus summed up—equal opportunities for all and special privileges for none under the law of the Republic.

TWILIGHT.

BY MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

For thee no more the heat and blinding glare
  Of life's full noon, the sad fantastic whirl,
  The throngs that press in maddening dance and swirl,
Of unrelenting struggle, cruel care;
Receding far away the trumpet's blare,
  The tramping tread, the din and strife; unfurl
  The flag of thy surrender and impearl
Those tears within thy heart: Time will not spare.

Seek some calm twilight under sheltering eaves,
Where in soft glooms of Autumn's mellowed leaves
Dark silence, like a river of delight,
  Flows gently round the unillumined eyes,
And joys elusive, on the edge of night,
  Come fluttering, flying home as daylight dies.

Highlands, N. C.

MONTICELLO

BY

THOMAS HARRISON DANIEL.

Shrine of the patriots, silent, sublime,
Rear'd in simplicity, standing the stress,
Reckless of ravage by vandal or time,
Proudly our homage to thee we confess,
Monticello!

E'en as thy sturdy and permanent pile
Stands in the face of most wearing turmoil,
So stands the memory of him who erstwhile
Dwelt in thy halls and now sleeps in thy soil,
Monticello!

E'en as his memory grows brighter with time,
E'en as thy portals grow dearer with age,
So do the verities grow more sublime,
Practiced and taught by thy prescient sage,
Monticello!

Washington, D. C.

"GENERAL JACKSON TOOK DELIBERATE AIM AND PULLED THE TRIGGER."

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BY THOS. E. WATSON

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Chapter VIII.

"For the autumn races of 1805," says biographer Parton, "a great race was arranged between General Jackson's Truxton and Captain Joseph Ervin's Plow Boy. The stakes were two thousand dollars, payable on the day of the race in notes, which notes were to be then due; forfeit eight hundred dollars."

Patten Anderson had an interest in the race, on the Jackson side, and Charles Dickinson was interested on the side of his father-in-law, Capt. Ervin.

Before the day set for the race, Capt. Ervin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson, decided to call off the race and pay the forfeit. This was done, and everything seemed to have been adjusted without ill feeling. Very soon, however, Captain Ervin and Dickinson heard of a rumor to the effect that the notes in which the forfeit was paid were claimed by Jackson to have been different from those stipulated in the bet. Such a report was certainly of a character to deserve notice. Neither Capt. Ervin nor Dickinson could afford to treat it with indifference.

There seems to be no denial of the fact that Patten Anderson, a party to the bet and a well-known close friend of Jackson, made the statement that the notes *were* different. This he did in the presence of Thomas Swann, Samuel Jackson and others.

Samuel Jackson carried the story to Charles Dickinson, naming Swann as one of those who *were* present when Anderson's statement was made. Dickinson called upon Swann for confirmation, and got it.

There seems to be no denial of the fact that a few days after this Swann saw Gen. Jackson at his own store, and asked him about the notes.

Gen. Jackson, according to Swann, answered that Dickinson's notes were the same as those designated in the terms of the race, but that the notes offered by Capt. Ervin were different, in that they were not due.

Now the first thought which occurs to the impartial reader, is this: Whatever difference there may have been between the notes staked and those tendered should have been pointed out by Jackson at the time they were offered; and *after he had accepted satisfaction,* he should have said nothing more about it.

It is quite apparent that he *did* say something to his friend, Patton Anderson, about a difference in the notes—and the tradegy of Dickinson's death grew out of Anderson's repeating

what Jackson said. Let us do Jackson the justice to think that he did not intend for Anderson to repeat what was said.

* * * * * *

The next step in the tragedy is the conversation between Capt. Ervin and Swann, in which Swann relates what Anderson had said and also what Jackson had said. Capt. Ervin denied that any change had been made in the notes, and went into details to prove his contention.

A few days later, there was a meeting of Gen. Jackson, Capt. Ervin and Charles Dickinson in Nashville, and the matter of the notes was under discussion. In this conversation, it would seem that Jackson characterized as "a damned liar" the author of the report that the notes in question *were* different from those which he had agreed to receive.

This meeting was on Dec. 28, 1805, and Dickinson soon repeated to Swann what Jackson said. On Jan. 3, 1806. we find Swann writing to the General, quoting the words "a damned liar," and seeming, in good faith, to take the words to himself. Read coolly today, the note of Thomas Swann to Andrew Jackson does not appear extraordinary.

The reply of Gen. Jackson to the note of Thomas Swann is an epistolary curiosity.

Once upon a time, many years later, when the foxy Van Buren wrote his old Chief a leter that was meant to mystify, President Jackson, after puzzling over the missive till his meager store of patience was exhausted, burst out, "I can't make heads or tails of it, and—by the Lord!—I don't believe Van Buren himself can!"

Something like the same feeling comes over me as I ponder upon the fateful missive which made the Dickinson duel inevitable!

Jackson's reply to Swann is dated Jan. 7th, 1806. It is written from the Hermitage. In its broken sentences, its abrupt changes, its violent wrenchings of Swann's meaning, its intolerably scornful allusions to Swann himself, and its irrelevant, unprovoked and most insulting reference to Dickinson, Jackson's fury is manifest.

Boiling with passion, he wrote a letter which seems to have been totally uncalled for, out of all reasonable latitude of self-defense, and full of provocation to a third party—Dickinson.

Let us see: Thomas Swann had heard Patton Anderson's statement about the notes. He had not carried that statement to Dickinson, but when asked to verify the fact that Anderson had made it, did so.

Further, he had conversed with General Jackson in the latter's store at Clover Bottom, and the General had, in part at least, supported the statement of Patten Anderson. Then when Capt. Ervin had made inquiries concerning the rumor about the notes, Swann had related what he had understood Jackson to say at the store.

Then comes the interview in Nashville between Captain Ervin

and Charles Dickinson, on the one part, and Andrew Jackson on the other.

In this conversation General Jackson *must* have denounced the author of the report concerning the notes as "a damned liar," for he practically admits as much in his reply to Swann, dated March 7th, 1806.

Gen. Jackson's reply to Swann, closely read, not only shows that he denounced the author of the report in question, but that he meant the denunciation for Thomas Swann. True, he denies the use of the exact words quoted by Swann, but there can be no question that Jackson had made such a disclaimer as satisfied both Captain Ervin and Dickinson, nor is there any doubt that he had *harshly* characterized the author of the report.

General Jackson found fault with Dickinson for not quoting him correctly, but he himself did state what the correct language was. But General Jackson's chief grievance against Dickinson was that he did not *immediately* report to Swann—then in the same tavern—what Jackson had said, in order that an "explanation" might have taken place!

Says the angry Jackson, in this fatal note:

"There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and the man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; when *the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer* will always act in the back-ground. You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson and see which best fits him. *"I write it for his eye, and the latter I intend emphatically for him.*

"When the conversation dropt between Mr. Dickinson and myself, I thought it was at an end. *As he wishes to blow the coal, I am ready to light it to a blaze."*

Here, surely, was no pacific effort to keep down strife!

Here was nothing lacking, if the intent was to give insufferable affront.

What had Dickinson done?

He had told Swann that Jackson had denied the reported statement about the notes and had denounced the author as a liar.

That Jackson *had* made a disclaimer which satisfied both Ervin and Dickinson is clear from his own letter: that he *had* spoken harshly of the author of the report, he admitted. But he was furious because Dickinson had not reported his words correctly; because he had not gone immediately to his friend, Swann, and brought him, then, to confront Jackson, and because in relating the matter, subsequently, he had acted *the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer.*

Lest Swann might by any chance head off a fight by keeping Jackson's passionate letter to himself, he is particularly requested by the General to show the letter to Dickinson, and to tell him that the most unpardonably insulting lines in it *are intended for his especial benefit.*

And yet the ludicrously credulous Jacksonian biographer, James Parton, solemnly brings forward Sam Houston to declare

to posterity that, *"I was told,"* Jackson,—the conciliatory and pacific,—bore with the aggressive Dickinson until patience had become a burden to the flesh; and that after the most humane and considerate efforts to persuade Dickinson to quit vilifying his wife, in public taverns, Jackson was reluctantly forced into the duel!

In response to the letter of General Jackson, the youthful Swann,—a foolish fellow evidently—sent the General a formal challenge which was ignored. The next time Jackson met Swann, he struck his challenger with his cane, and then clapped his hand upon his pistol. Friends caught hold of both parties, there was no further blow,—and Thomas Swann drops out of history. He was a weakling, probably a coward, but General Jackson was certainly wrong when he took up the idea that Swann was a tool being used by Dickinson to make trouble for Jackson.

When Dickinson was shown the letter of General Jackson, he addressed him a note which was moderate, sarcastic and hard to answer.

The General was again reminded that *his* friend Patten Anderson had started the report about the notes, and that Swann's name had only been mentioned when Dickinson had told the General that there was "another witness."

"Who is it?" the General had asked.

"Thomas Swann," answered Dickinson.

"Bring him forward!" demanded the General.

"No: that would look like throwing the burden off my shoulders on to him:"—a manly reply!

Dickinson offered to prove by Captain Ervin and Samuel Jackson that General Jackson *did* denounce the author of the report as "a damned liar."

Then he asks this question, which is a clincher:

"Why should you have wished to have Mr. Swann called, had you not denied what he asserted?"

Then Dickinson adds, very forcibly it seems to the present writer:

"And you pretend to call a man a tale-bearer for telling that which is truth and can be proved."

Thankless is the task of the historian. Dispassionate and careful, he often sees clearly the awful blunders which were hidden to the living men who strutted their brief hour upon the stage and then passed onward into the night—into which the historian soon follows.

General Andrew Jackson took up the notion that two young, educated lawyers, one of them rich, handsome, accomplished and well connected, were "making game of him," and that Dickinson, the more important of the two, was egging Thomas Swann on to badger *him,* Jackson. This idea once in Jackson's head, could not get out. He believed it *then,* and believed it to his dying hour, yet nothing is more certain than that he was laboring throughout under a terrible mistake.

The dispassionate reader can see at a glance that the whole

dispute, at the latter stage where Dickinson and Jackson clashed, hinged upon this issue:—

Whether in his conversation with Ervin and Dickinson, the General had denounced as false the reported statement of Thomas Swann.

Dickinson's question went straight to the bull's-eye:

Why should you have wished to have Mr. Swann called, had you not denied what he asserted?"

Remember reader,—Jackson himself says in his letter to Swann that he had asked Dickinson to call him in, and that Dickinson declined to do so.

Therefore, Dickinson's question was a clincher. Jackson could not answer it, nor can any one else answer it, in a way that condemns Dickinson and acquits Jackson.

* * * * * *

Immediately after the sending of his letter, Dickinson went, by flat-boat, to New Orleans, and while he was absent the feud thickened. General Jackson prepared a very lengthy and labored newspaper article in reply to Thomas Swann; and the reading of it causes the impartial critic to soliloquise, "Happily for Jackson, his aim with a pistol was better than with a pen!"

The simple truth is that he does not appear to advantage in this controversy with Swann and Dickinson. He quibbles, he splits hairs, he muddies the water, be blusters and abuses,—he does everything rather than meet the issue.

The General publishes as a part of his communication, an affidavit of John Hutchins. Carefully analyzed, this affidavit proves that Jackson's friend, Patten Anderson *had* originated the report about the Ervin notes; that Anderson, on hearing Jackson's full explanation at his store, had admitted that he had taken up a mistaken idea about the matter; and that Thomas Swann had told the literal truth when he said that Jackson claimed that Captain Ervin had offered notes different from those stipulated.

James Parton, Jacksonian biagropher, actually furnishes the evidence which excuses Patten Anderson without seeming to be conscious of what he has done,—one instance out of many that might be cited where the hasty author did not digest his own materials,

According to the Hutchings affidavit, which General Jackson obtained for his own exoneration, Captain Ervin was accused by Jackson of the very thing reported by Anderson. He offered in payment of the forfeit, notes that were not due, and Jackson refused to receive them. Captain Ervin contended that the notes offered were the same as those listed on the schedule shown at Nashville. Jackson asked to see the list. Ervin felt in his pockets for it, but did not find it. He then said that Dickinson had the notes and schedule. Dickinson was called in, produced the notes and schedule, and the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Now, it is easy to understand how this transaction about the notes could have been misundertood and misrepresented. Jack-

son himself brings John Hutchings forward to swear to the very thing that Swann had reported—the refusal of Jackson to accept notes which he claimed to be different from those staked.

Then Jackson himself, as set forth in the Hutchings affidavit, explains the settlement of the matter precisely as Swann reports Captain Ervin to have explained it,—towit, Jackson was given the notes originally staked, excepting one on Robert Thompson, for which Ervin gave his own order on King & Carson.

How natural it was for some exasperation to grow out of this little affair! Jackson making the point on the difference in the notes: Ervin appealing to the Nashville schedule: Jackson demanding the production of the paper: Ervin vainly going through his pockets to find it: Dickinson being called in and producing the schedule, *and Jackson being shown to have been wrong!*

Yet the substitution of Ervin's own note for that of Robert Thompson—a substitution which benefited the holder of the note—gave some color to the original Patten Anderson statement that *different notes* had been offered.

A most unlucky muddle about a mighty small matter,—and yet what an awful tragedy grew out of it! Continuing his lamentable publication, General Jackson follows up the Hutchings affidavit with a long statement from his faithful friend, John Coffee.

The faithful John relates the circumstances leading up to the blow which Jackson struck poor Swann. At this point enters upon the scene Nathaniel McNairy, who seemed inclined to take the part of the luckless Swann, whose challenge to honorable combat had been ignored, and who, in a public tavern, had been ignominiously hit with a stick.

In the most gallant spirit, General Jackson yielded so far to the remonstrances of McNairy as to authorize that gentleman to say to his friend, Swann, that while the General would not degrade himself by accepting Swann's challenge, he would accommodate him to this extent: he would ride with Swann anywhere, on any ground he would name: he would meet Swann in any sequestered grove he would point out.

Much more to the same effect is stated with tedious particularity by the faithful John Coffee.

General Jackson's handsome and liberal offer to "ride with" Swann to some "sequestered grove," seems not to have tempted that young gentleman in the least. He digested his caning as best he could and, so far as I know, enjoyed life just as well ever after.

* * * * * *

It would seem that Thomas Swann had treated Samuel Jackson "very rascally."

Item: In the course of a conversation between Thomas and Samuel, the former had voluntarily stated that in case the latter should need some money the former could lend him some. With prophetic accuracy, Samuel Jackson then and there informed Thomas Swann that it was possible he, Samuel, might want to borrow $100 before long.

Sure enough, on the very next day, Samuel Jackson *did* want to borrow the identical sum of $100, and he applied to Thomas Swann for it. Whereupon, the elusive Thomas declared that he had loaned the money out.

Now, it is almost incredible, but literally true, that General Jackson, who spent nearly two weeks in the preparation of his article, went out and got two affidavits setting forth the facts concerning this affair. Robert Hays and Robert Butler are lugged in by the ears to prove that they heard Samuel Jackson say that Thomas Swann had acted "very rascally" with him in not lending him the $100 after voluntarily saying the day before that he would do so.

Think of Andrew Jackson stooping to pin-hook fishing of *this* sort! It must be confessed that the General cuts a very sorry figure in this controversy,—so long as it remained in the pen and ink stage of development.

Next in order, General Jackson produces a statement signed by Robert Purdy. This statement of Purdy being brief and racy of the soil, is given in Purdy's own language.

"Some time since, Mr. Thomas Swann and myself had a conversation about Mr. Samuel Jackson. Mr. Swann asked me if I did not suppose Mr. Jackson was one of the damnedest rascals on earth, and observed that he, Jackson, was a damned rascal."

Who could have supposed that the mind which was brewing such miserable pottage as the foregoing had also the capacity to expand into *greatness?*

Of what consequence was it to prove that Samuel Jackson spoke of Thomas Swann as a rascal, and that Thomas Swann spoke of Samuel Jackson as "one of the damnedest rascals on earth?"

What did *that* have to do with it?

The real issue was—Did Jackson denounce Swann to Ervin and Dickinson as "a damned liar," or in some equivalent terms, and had Swann, in fact, told any lie about those disputed notes?

That was the real issue, and General Andrew Jackson did everything else but meet it.

He muddied the water very successfully at the time; he shot his way out of the embarrassing position in which he had involved himself; but, to anyone who knows how to sift and analyze testimony, the facts are plain enough.

Continuing at great length, General Jackson heaps scorn and ridicule upon Nathaniel McNairy who, as we have seen, showed some disposition to oppose Jackson's brutal treatment of Swann. The General virtually calls McNairy a liar and a coward.

But the worst is kept for Dickinson. In so many words, the General says that *he* is a "*worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel.*"

Pursuing a false and fatal notion to which allusion has already been made, Jackson says of Swann, "He has acted the puppet and lying valet" for Charles Dickinson.

"He has impertinently and inconsistently obtruded himself"

into a dispute that did not concern him. General Jackson believed this, else he would not have said it, but he was utterly mistaken. Swann had *not* thrust himself into the dispute about the notes, but had only borne testimony, when called upon by Dickinson, to what Patten Anderson had said.

Nor had he acted as anybody's puppet. When he was told by Dickinson that Jackson had denounced him as a liar, he had most naturally written to General Jackson about it, upon his own motion. The longest affidavit produced by General Jackson was that of the faithful John Coffee.

Few men have had such a strong, loyal, enduring friend as Andrew Jackson had in John Coffee, his partner in business, his backer on the race-track, his backer in street fights, his ablest lieutenant on the field of battle.

In this Dickinson controversy, the faithful Coffee was on hand, of course, testifying in the most favorable manner possible for his partner and friend, Jackson. In the certificate of Coffee both Swann and McNairy fare badly. In the certificate of Coffee, Jackson's crown of glory is adjusted with the nicest sense of propriety. In the certificate of Coffee, Jackson first canes young Thomas Swann, and then lectures him in a paternal and encouraging manner, which is edifying in the highest degree. In the certificate of Coffee, it is not easy to decide which is the greater shuffler and coward, Swann or McNairy.

When General Jackson's article appeared in the newspaper, carrying along with it that rare mosaic, the John Coffee certificate, McNairy went into action with much promptitude. *He* "came out in a card" which blistered both Jackson and Coffee.

For reasons not difficult to guess, Jackson took no notice of McNairy's card. Jackson was waiting for Dickinson, *Partner John Coffee must take care of McNairy.*

The loyal and gallant Coffee did not hesitate an instant. He challenged McNairy; they met "on the field of honor," and Coffee was severely wounded in the thigh.

McNairy had fired too quickly, before the word was given. He had done the same thing once before in a duel. It seems to have been an exasperating habit of his.

To repair his fault, as far as was in his power, McNairy offered to stand up, unarmed, and give Coffee a shot at him. This offer was declined, and so the matter ended between these two.

But Jackson's wrath must have burned the more fiercely because of this worsting of his friend and partner, Coffee, by McNairy, the friend of Swann and Dickinson.

* * * * * *

It was not till after the middle of May, 1806, that Dickinson returned to Nashville. When he read the letter in which General Jackson had published him as "*a worthless, drunken, blackguard scoundrel,*" he at once rushed into print with a card which was flippant and undignified in its tone, but which went no fur-

ther than to retort upon Jackson the terms "worthless scoundrel, poltroon and coward."

General Jackson had twice flung those intolerably offensive epithets at Dickinson; when the latter flung them back at *him*, Jackson immediately sent a challenge. On the same day it was accepted.

On Friday, May 30, 1806, the duel was fought, at Harrison's Mills, Logan County, Kentucky, on Red River. The tragedy there enacted will be described in the words of James Parton, whose account is as nearly accurate, no doubt, as can be written.

In justice to the victim of this barbarous duel, it should be said that there isn't a particle of evidence that he was a practised duellist, that he had killed his man, that he amused himself by showing his skill with a pistol on the way to the ground, or that he indulged in any unseemly bravado whatever. So far as the record discloses, Dickinson acted the brave gentleman throughout. The fight was not of his seeking.. It was forced upon him.

He but accepted the inevitable. He twice allowed Jackson to denounce him as a base poltroon without sending a challenge. When he accepted the challenge, he must have realized the danger. General Jackson was well known as a man of iron nerve, and as *a dead shot with a pistol.*

Brave? Of course Andrew Jackson was brave, but was *he* a coward who stood there unarmed, uncovered, within twenty feet of a dead shot, and never quivering in a muscle while the ruthless Jackson *snapped his pistol at him, recocked it deliberately, and shot him down?*

Did *any man* ever stand face to face with death and meet it more manfully than poor Charles Dickinson?

But let us read Parton's graphic story of the fight, and then leave the gruesome episode behind us, as we travel onward with the narrative of Jackson's eventful career.

* * * * * *

Dickinson's second won the choice of position, and Jackson's the office of giving the word. The astute Overton considered this giving of the word a matter of great importance, and he had already determined how he would give it, if the lot fell to him. The eight paces were measured off, and the men placed. All the politenesses of such occasions were strictly and elegantly performed. Jackson was dressed in a loose frock-coat, buttoned carelessly over his chest, and concealing in some degree the extreme slenderness of his figure. Dickinson was the younger and handsomer man of the two. But Jackson's tall, erect figure, and the still intensity of his demeanor, gave him a most superior and commanding air, as he stood under the poplars on this bright May morning, silently awaiting the moment of doom. "Are you ready?" said Overton. "I am ready," replied Dickinson. "I am ready," said Jackson. The words were no sooner pronounced than Overton, with a sudden shout, cried, using his old-country pronunciation, "Fere!" Dickinson raised his pis-

tol quickly and fired. Overton, who was looking with anxiety and dread at Jackson, saw a puff of dust fly from the breast of his coat, and saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. He surely is hit, thought Overton, and in a bad place, too; but no; he does not fall. Erect and grim as Fate he stood, his teeth clenched, raising his pistol. Overton glanced at Dickinson. Amazed at the unwonted failure of his aim, and apparently appalled at the awful figure and face before him, Dickinson had unconsciously recoiled a pace or two. "Great God!" he faltered, "have I missed him?" "Back to the mark, sir!" shrieked Overton, with his hand upon his pistol. Dickinson recovered his composure, stepped forward to the peg, and stood with his eyes averted from his antagonist. All this was the work of a moment, though it requires many words to tell it. General Jackson took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. The pistol neither snapped nor went off. He looked at the trigger, and discovered that it had stopped at half cock. He drew it back to its place, and took aim a second time. He fired. Dickinson's face blanched; he reeled; his friends rushed towards him, caught him in their arms, and gently seated him on the ground, leaning against a bush. His trousers reddened. They stripped him of his clothes. The blood was gushing from his side in a torrent. And, alas! here is the ball, not near the wound, but above the opposite hip, just under the skin. The ball had passed through the body, below the ribs. Such a wound could not but be fatal. Overton went forward and learned the condition of the wounded man. Rejoining his principal, he said, "He won't want anything more of you, General," and conducted him from the ground. They had gone a hundred yards, Overton walking on one side of Jackson, the surgeon on the other, and neither speaking a word, when the surgeon observed that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. "My God! General Jackson, are you hit?" he exclaimed, pointing to the blood. "Oh! I believe," replied Jackson, "that he has pinked me a little. Let's look at it. But say nothing about it there," pointing to the house. He opened his coat. Dickinson's aim had been perfect. He had sent the ball precisely where he supposed Jackson's heart was beating. But the thinness of his body and the looseness of his coat combining to deceive Dickinson, the ball had only broken a rib or two, and raked the breast-bone. It was o somewhat painful, bad-looking wound, but neither severe nor dangerous, and he was able to ride to the tavern without much inconvenience. Upon approaching the house, he went up to one of the negro women who was churning, and asked her if the butter had come. She said it was getting it for him, she observed him furtively open his wa sgetting it for him, she observed him furtively open his coat and look within it. She saw that his shirt was soaked with blood, and she stood gazing in blank horror at the sight, dipper in hand. He caught her eye, and hastily butoned his coat again. She dipped out a quart measure full of buttermilk, and gave it to him. He drank it off at a draught; then went in, took off his

coat, and had his wound carefully examined and dressed. This done, he dispatched one of his retinue to Dr. Catlett, to inquire respecting the condition of Dickinson, and to say that the surgeon attending himself would be glad to contribute his aid towards Mr. Dickinson's relief. Polite reply was returned that Mr. Dickinson's case was past surgery. In the course of the day, General Jackson sent a bottle of wine to Dr. Catlett for the use of his patient. But there was one gratification which Jackson could not, even in such circumstances, grant him. A very old friend of General Jackson writes to me thus: "Although the General had been wounded, he did not desire it should be known until he had left the neighborhood, and had therefore concealed it at first from his own friends. His reason for this, as he once stated to me, that as Dickinson considered himself the best shot in the world, and was certain of killing him at the first fire, he did not want him to have the gratification even of knowing that he had touched him."

Poor Dickinson bled to death. The flowing of blood was stanched, but could not be stopped. He was conveyed to the house in which he had passed the night, and placed upon a mattress, which was soon drenched with blood. He suffered extreme agony, and uttered horrible cries all that long day. At nine o'clock in the evening he suddenly asked why they had put out the lights. The doctors knew then that the end was at hand: that the wife, who had been sent for in the morning, would not arrive in time to close her husband's eyes. He died five minutes after, cursing, it is said, with his last breath, the ball that had entered his body. The poor wife hurried away on hearing that her husband was "dangerously wounded," and met, as she rode towards the scene of the duel, the procession of silent horsemen escorting a rough emigrant wagon that contained her husband's remains."

THE SONG.

BY STACEY E. BAKER.

I sing the golden, olden days—
  The days of chivalry—
The pen that made the sonnet staid;
The ringing clash of blade on blade,
As Love's own game was tragic played
  As ever it can be.

Then, ho! the golden, olden days,
  When knighthood was in flow'r;
The dale and fen bore tourneys then,
And stress of times birthed valiant men—
And witching eyes wrought wonders, when
  Love was the king in pow'r!

I sing the golden, olden days—
  The cavalier, and, yes,
The troubador, his lilting lore,
His lute, his voice, and, even more,
The sun-kissed locks his lady wore—
  The splendor of her dress.

Corry, Pa.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

BY SAM W. SMALL.

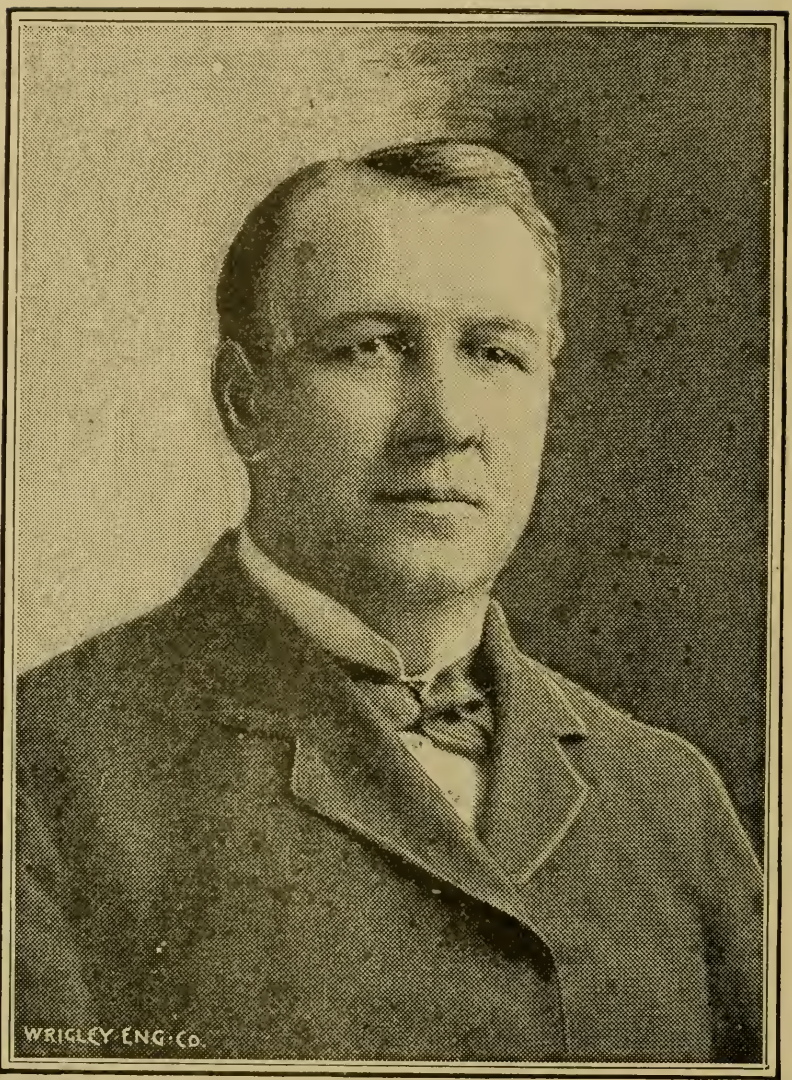
THE pursuit of immigrants has become something of a fad in the Southern States. A few years ago the railway managers began to talk immigration as a means of settling long stretches of country through which they have built their trunk lines. The sharp competition they had established among themselves in rebating on through freights made it desirable to build up local travel and develop freight rates that could be taxed by each road at will, because such travel and traffic would be free of competition and legal restraints.

In those days the railway combines practically owned our Southern State governments, legislatures, and railroad commissions. They felt sure that they could "load traffic charges" *ad libitum* and all they needed was more people to tax. So they began to stir up an immigration boom among State officials, chambers of commerce, cities and towns. They appointed "immigration agents" of their own to engineer such public plans as might be made to attract settlers.

Meanwhile, the people already settled became unsettled on railway questions, and began to complain and revolt against their burdens. The railway rate regulation question seemed to rise out of the ground everywhere, as armed men rose from the sowing of the dragon's teeth. The "seats of the mighty" in State capitols began to rock dangerously, and "the systems" began to feel the seasickness of a popular upheaval under them. They began to lose interest in the immigration business in their hurry to head off assaults upon their interests of extortion, preferences and dividends.

But the question of immigration for the South, though quite abandoned at present by the railroad managers, continues to be a live issue with those who are honestly and patriotically affected for the upbuilding of the South in population and in labor products. The Southern States really need a denser population devoted to productive pursuits. They are rich in agricultural resources and the raw materials for manufactures. Twentieth century economics demand that the production, transformation and consumption of those things should happen as largely as possible "on the ground" where they are exploited.

Immigration into the South, however, must be for generations, a slow and spasmodic movement. The presence of the negroes in mighty and fear-inspiring numbers in the belts of the South that most need white settlers will greatly deter the better classes of both Americans and Europeans who would otherwise seek our section. Until the fear of the negro and his criminal dispositions is entirely removed from the minds of such immigrants, they will be loath to leave their present residences, in which they feel security for themselves and their families, and come into the South where they will have to live under conditions of isolation and in constant dread of the roving and criminal black vagrant.



GOVERNOR-ELECT HOKE SMITH, OF GEORGIA.

He has recently returned from a tour in Europe, where he investigated facts relating to Immigration and Direct Trade between Georgia ports and Bremen.

Governor-elect Hoke Smith, of Georgia, has taken a decided interest in the subject of foreign immigration to Georgia, and recently made a trip at his own expense to central Europe for the purpose of getting information concerning the kinds of emigrants that are obtainable and how they may be induced to come to the South without going through the gates of New York. He was accompanied on the trip by two gentlemen who are engaged in large agricultural and manufacturing industries and whose advice and observations he found most valuable. In Austria and southern Russia, Governor Smith found people whom he believes would

make desirable citizens for Georgia and other Southern States, and he hopes to be able to lay before the people through the General Assembly of Georgia, this summer, important and reliable data that will enable proper legislation to be framed looking to the securing of a desirable class of Europeans for the Southern States.

It may be taken for granted, also, that while he was in Europe, Governor Smith investigated the main points connected with railway management under government regulations, as well as direct trade possibilities between our Southern ports and those of Europe to which we export so much of the raw material produced in Southern fields. It was at least a novel quest for information that the new governor of Georgia undertook and curiosity will be acute to know the results of his tour when he shall have fully formulated them in messages and addresses to the General Assembly of his State.

From the N. Y. American.

THE PRESIDENT—"HERE, BILLY, COVER UP THE STUFF WITH THIS BLANKET!" (P. S.—What sort of depravity is that?)

Total, or Enough, Depravity.

QUITE a stream of comment was created recently, in the press of the country, by the reported action of the Evangelical Ministers' Alliance of the city of Atlanta, in striking out of "the creed," if we may so term it, of the Alliance, an expression of belief in the total depravity of man. In some quarters this was considered to be a great recession from the old forms of orthodoxy and grieved many of the "aged and judicious" because it seemed to be a total surrender of the faith of the fathers. All this comment, however, was entirely beside the mark. The Evangelical Alliance is only an association of the ministers of the city for the purpose of unitedly favoring public movements that tend to advance the morals of the community and oppose such as would undoubtedly degrade them.

As a matter of fact, there are very few ministers of the present day churches who believe in the doctrine of "total depravity," as it has been popularly understood. There have always been reservations in the minds of studious preachers regarding this crude tenet of ancient faith. Besides, it is not necessary for everybody to believe in "total depravity" in order to justify the necessity for a propaganda of salvation from sin. It is evident enough, to every observer, that mankind, in general and particular, is afflicted with a sufficient leaven of depravity to make necessary a gospel of personal and social salvation. The ministers of Atlanta are in the main, men of fine training, zealous evangelism and modernity of ideas. It was not, therefore, a violent wrench for them to refuse to exclude from their association those fellow-ministers who do not subscribe to the literal significance of the term "total depravity."

The World's Peace Advances.

THE next assembling of the World's Peace Conference will be at the Hague on the 15th of June.

FRANCE—"SHALL VE HAF ZE GRAN' TROUBLE?"

Representatives of all the great powers have been designated and the list embraces statesmen and diplomats of very highest character in their own countries and in the world's estimation. Doubtless if these men were left entirely free to discuss and negotiate a program for the world's peace upon bases of international law, they would be able to establish, in fact, that "parliament of man" which would hereafter adjust peaceably all such questions as in the past have embroiled nations, caused the great wars of our civilization and murdered armies en masse for the sake of national territory and power. But the deliberations of the body will be hampered by instructions given by the powers they represent, so that those issues upon whose settlement the peace of the world must finally rest, will not be unitedly debated. The question of disarmament, for instance, cannot be freely discussed, because certain of the powers in Europe refuse to be drawn into a debate on that subject. Evidently they are not settled in their own minds as to their security against their neighbors' encroachments and suspect the good faith of some of the larger powers with reference to either continental or colonial forays in the future. Nevertheless, we think that each new assembling of these Peace Congresses is a step forward in the growing world demand for a tribunal of arbitration that will put the sword, the cannon and the battleship out of business forever.

Death of Dr. Watson.

ON THE 9th of May, at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, Eng., one of the leading Presbyterian ministers of Great Britain and famous among all readers of the English tongue as "Ian McLaren," fell upon sleep. He was seized with a fatal attack while in this country on a lecture tour and his body has been returned to England for burial. His death produces a wide-spread grief throughout the

"IAN MACLAREN"

Dr. John Watson, Clergyman, Author and Lecturer who died at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, recently.

world. His most famous fiction was "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush," and it is easily one of the modern fictional classics in the English language. Dr. Watson was a man of singular theological ability and many of his writings on spiritual subjects will remain as texts for future students of the Christian evangelism. He had all of the canny humor of the Scotchman, and used it most effectively in the dialect of the peasant folk of his native land. He was particularly esteemed here in America, and it will be many years, perhaps, before another can fill the place in our affections made vacant by his death.

The Jamestown Show.

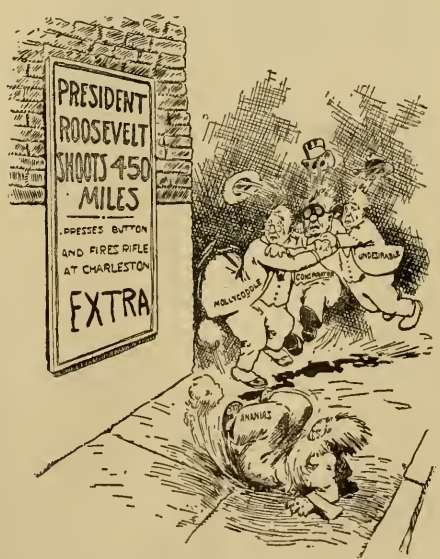
SECRETARY TAFT'S diplomatic declaration that the Jamestown Exposition "will be a good thing when it is finished" seems a *double entendre*. Sensible men may well hope that when it is finished it will be the last of the "good things" of the sort that will be allowed to work the treasury of the nation for loans. The strong probability is that the show at Jamestown will hardly repay the cash advanced to it by the act of Congress.

Expositions of the kind we have been having now for thirty years, from the Centennial to Jimtown, may have other than sentimental uses. If those uses are profitable to the localities where the expositions are held they should be run at the cost of the promoters, and without financial deals in the shape of loans from the treasury of the whole people of the nation. There is no more reason or constitutional warrant for the federal Government lending money to an exposition company than for lending it to a steamship, sawmill, or cotton-planting company.

If, for a national reason, a great exposition should seem desirable, the national government should undertake it, as is done in France, for instance, and then we would have an exposition of real consequence and credit. The cessation of government loans to these private shows will save us in the future from such half-baked and badly managed affairs as the Jamestown show has been up-to-date.

Express Rates Not Sacrosanct.

IN A CASE brought by the Society of American Florists against one of the express companies to test the reasonableness of a rate on cut flowers from New Jersey points to New York City, the Interstate Commerce Commission has found that the rate was excessive and unjust. It ordered a cut of the rate from one dollar per hundred pounds to sixty cents per hundred. The Commission holds that an express company cannot justify a rate by showing that it gives a service that is exceptionally expensive, but where the burden of the rate charged increases an already sufficient return to the Railroad Company over which the express company operates. It is extremely gratifying to know



From the Philadelphia Ledger.

NO WONDER THEY ARE SKEER'D!

that the Interstate Commerce Commission has found itself able to deal with the monstrous extortions practiced by express companies upon the people of the whole nation. No other business that is called legitimate, and that operates on the plea of being a public utility, dares to make such unjustifiable charges as are made everywhere by the express companies.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Interstate Commerce Commission will next find in its hands a power that can be used upon the robber rates of the allied Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies. Together, under a "gentleman's agreement," they hold the absolute monopoly of the telegraph service of the nation. They make whatever charges they please and very recently, without any attempt at apology to the people, have exorbitantly raised their tolls all over the continent. Until lately, the rate on a ten word message between Atlanta and Chicago was forty cents; now it is fifty cents. The increased toll is twenty-five per cent. more than the old rate and yet there is no remedy for this power of extortion held in the hands of the telegraph companies. Perhaps they might be brought to their senses by a system of recoupment through the legislatures of the States, which have the power to reduce rates between State points to whatever figure the legislatures may elect. It would not hurt, for instance, in the State of Georgia, to try a ten cents rate for ten word messages between any two points in Georgia. The companies now corry press matter within the State at that figure and oftentimes at less than one cent per word. We can see no just argument, "as at present advised," why this rate should not be given to all the people of the commonwealth. What is sauce for the two big ganders ought also to be very palatable sauce for us geese who are two million and a half in number.

Bryan and the I. and R.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN has stirred up another hornet's nest about his political ears, because he has reached the point of recommending the adoption of the Initiative and Referendum by the American people. Of course this is denounced as another evidence of Mr. Bryan's "natural-born propensity to be a Populist." As Populism represents about the only consistent and conservative political principles that survive in American life at this time, and as Mr. Bryan is by nature a son of the people, his final conviction in favor of the Initiative and Referendum does not surprise us. It is a difficult matter for him, apparently, to keep his feet on the shifting planks of the so-called Democratic platforms of recent years. He is too honest a man to wish to deceive and too sensible a man to want to be deceived. In his recent travels abroad on the earth in search of signs of Democracy, he has discovered that those who are fighting autocracy everywhere, are also standing staunchly for those ideals of Democracy that bring Government as completely as possible under the power of the people. The Iniative and Referendum is the measure that will do that thing as completely and safely as human wisdom can figure it out. Recent events in America have shown that the only safety of the public in a democracy is to hold imminently over the heads of law-makers this sword of Damocles —the power to propose and the power to veto legislation, and to cut off the official tenure of any man who betrays the functions of office committed to him by the people. If Mr. Bryan gives full faith and full support to this principle in Government, it will be his highest qualification as a candidate for another nomination to the presidency by his party. Since

From the New York World.

MR. BRYAN FINDS A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

he confesses that his Democratic garments have been filched from him by President Roosevelt, there is every reason why he should come into the Populist household and be given with all charitableness a new suit of ready-made clothing for the political season of 1908.

The Foraker-Taft Melee.

THE contention in the State of Ohio between the friends of Secretary Taft and Senator Foraker as to which one of them shall receive the support of the Republicans of the State for the party presidential nomination next year, has become of national interest. President Roosevelt has not hesitated to announce that he desires that preference for his favorite cabinet officer. Senator Dick favors his colleague, Senator Foraker, and being in control of the party machinery in the State, he is claiming that "the old Hanna machine" is still invincible and that the delegation to the National Convention will be a Foraker body. In the meantime,

KING GEORGE, OF OHIO.
The pot-house politician who controls the machinery of the Republican Party in his state.

George B. Cox, the king of the powerful whisky ring of Ohio, and for many years the Warwick of politics in Cincinnati, the enemy of Nick Longworth, son-in-law of President Roosevelt, and the friend of Foraker, has proposed a compromise in the interest of harmony in the party. Cox does not want another Democratic victory in the State like that which was won by the lamented Governor Patterson, and as the result of which the liquor traffic of the State was loaded down with heavy burdens and threatened with possible extermination. Cox is a shrewd political general, and it will not be surprising if he does not force Foraker to accept a *modus vivendi* whereby Taft will get the presidential endorsement of Ohio and Foraker remain another term in the Senate. It is now apparently up to President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft to accept or reject such a treaty of peace.

The Spanish Heir Apparent.

QUEEN VICTORIA of Spain presented to the people of that kingdom an heir to the throne on May 10th, in the person of the young "Prince of the Asturias." The event was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm by the populace of Madrid and the people of the entire nation. It has been many reigns since the first born of a Spanish queen has been a Prince, and therefore the jubilation in the present case was the more intense. It has been very pleasant to the whole world to witness for the past year the happy wedded life of Alphonso XIII. and the beautiful English daughter of the beloved Princess Beatrice. The king, though very young among the reigning sovereigns of the world, has borne himself with democratic spirit and become, since his accession to the throne, one of the most popular sovereigns that Spain has had since the days of his great-grandfather. The young English girl who became his consort a year ago, has won the hearts of the

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
The anarchists tried to murder her on her wedding day, but she has lived to present Spain with a Crown Prince, born May 10th.

Spaniards with her charm of manner, her public spirit in all good causes, and her sincere devotion to the interests of the entire kingdom. The congratulations of the rulers of the earth have been showered upon the young monarchs and deservedly so.

The Haywood Trial At Boise.

THE trial of W. D. Haywood, secretary of Federation of Western miners, charged with conspiracy to bring about the murder of Governor Stuenenberg, of the State of Idaho, is now in progress at Boise, the capital of that State. There is great excitement in the city where the trial is being conducted, and it is feared that at almost any hour the miners, who are backing the defense of the accused, may create disorder, especially if it should appear likely that the jury will return a verdict of guilty. Precautions have been taken by the authorities to protect the Court and officials of the State against rioting and any repetition of the lawlessness which characterized the era in which the Governor of the State was murdered. Socialists and laboring men throughout the Union have taken a profound interest in the prosecution against Haywood and Moyer, and immense demonstrations of protest have been brought to pass in most of the metropolitan centers. Naturally there was much confusion and misunderstanding among the masses thus assembled, and who were made to believe that an organized persecution is being dealt out to the accused men. However, the Supreme Court of the United States has upheld the extradition of Haywood and Moyer from Colorado to Idaho for trial under the laws of the latter State. The decision to that effect was a right one, and there has not yet appeared any good reason to doubt that justice will be administered in this case in an orderly way upon the part of the courts. Haywood is being defended by able counsel, the leader of whom is Hon. Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, one of the ablest lawyers of the nation and one of the most sincere and sensible sympathizers with the real grievances of the laborers of the country.

Local Rule for Ireland.

MR. AUGUSTIN BIRRELL, Chief Secretary for Ireland, has presented in Parliament the long promised measure looking toward home rule for Ireland. It passed its first reading in the House of Commons by a majority of more than one hundred votes. It is a compromise measure that contains no new legislative power, reduces no taxes and continues Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. The main object of the bill seems to be to transfer the control of local administrative affairs from Dublin Castle to local boards of government, having supervision of agriculture, technical education, public works, prisons and registration matters. There will be, under the bill, an Irish National Council com-

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

STILL THE NIOBE OF NATIONS.

posed of eighty-two elected members and twenty-four members nominated by the imperial authorities. The electoral franchise is given in local affairs to women and to peers. No act of the National Council, however, could become effective without the approval of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is probable that for the sake of getting a chance at local self-government, the Irish people, through their leaders, will accept the bill. One may be sure, though, they will do this tentatively only, and that the long struggle for real home rule in Ireland, similar to that which is enjoyed by other dependencies of Great Britain, such as Canada and Australia, will not be abated until it has finally succeeded.

King Harriman.

THE special attorneys for the United States who have been investigating the true inwardness of Harriman's Railway combinations throughout the country, have reported and their work has resulted in a statement from the Interstate Commerce Commission that is extremely sensational. The Commission finds that Harriman is absolute master of the railway situation in an area equal to one-third of the United States, and that wherever his control extends he has extinguished competition, and is the absolute master and dictator of all that relates to railway transportation. It reports, also, that Harriman's contracts with the great Western systems are in gross violation of the Sherman Act and the Elkin's law, and the recommendation is made that Attorney-General Bonaparte should proceed at once to nullify those contracts, segregate the systems and establish them once more upon a competitive basis.

The Commission follows the rule that was sought to be established in the Constitution of Georgia, and recommends that the purchase of shares of one railroad by another be prohibited by law. The watering of the stock of the Chicago & Alton road is vehemently denounced and characterized, and the charge is made that the profits which Harriman draws from his Western traffic monopoly are now being used to buy up and unify Eastern railway systems, so as to create in that section the same gigantic evils of railway monopoly and extortion that now exist in the West.

KING HARRIMAN

The Atlanta ministers should consider him before denying "total depravity."

We regret that the limits of our space deny us the privilege of giving to the readers of this magazine a comprehensive review of the detestable conspiracy against the people, of which Harriman is the big black spider in chief.

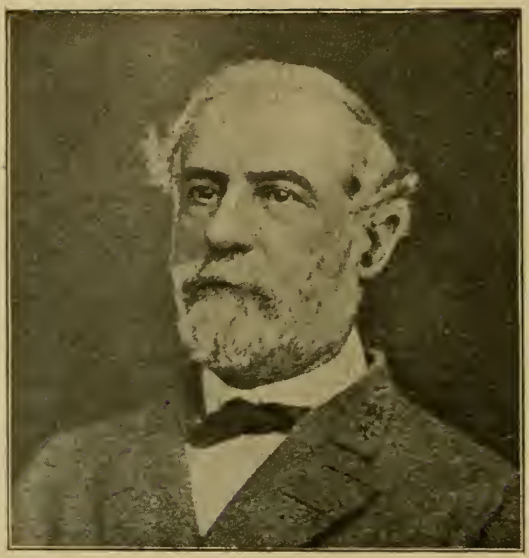
Pierce Has Been Speared.

THE State of Texas does not seem at all disposed to allow Mr. H. Clay Pierce, the head of the Waters-Pierce arm of the Standard Oil Co., to escape a fair trial of the charge of perjury that has been preferred against him in her courts. When the Standard Oil Company's operations in Texas were under investiga-

tion by the authorities of that State, it is claimed that Pierce gave false testimony, as was afterwards discovered, and was indicted for that offense. He has since kept out of the way of the Texas courts, but a Missouri judge has decided that the extradition warrant from Texas is good and Pierce has been ordered to return in custody to the Lone Star commonwealth and answer in person the charges made against him. It will be remembered that in the investigation by the legislature of the relations between Senator Bailey and the Standard Oil Company, the same H. Clay Pierce figured malodorously, and doubtless when he gets before a Texas judge and jury he will have ample opportunity to show the world what manner of man he is. At present, public opinion regarding him is almost one way—and that is not his way.

The Penalty of Public Crime.

IT would be well for men who enter into public life to carry pasted in the crown of their hats the true text: "Be sure your sins will find you out." The invariableness of this law of eternal justice has been proven in hundreds of cases within the last few years. The latest proof is one of the most sensational examples in the list. Abe Ruef, the political boss of San Francisco and commonly scheduled in the newspapers as "The worst man in America," after fighting against indictments by the grand jury, was brought to trial on the 16th day of May. Instead of pleading "Not Guilty" and putting himself upon the country for trial, he allowed his attorneys to withdraw from his defense and stood up before the Court with a plea of "Guilty" of extortion in public affairs falling from his pallid lips. With a singular pathos in one who has been credited with so callous a conscience, he voiced his regret for his misdeeds and said that he offered the plea of "Guilty" in order to relieve the strain of maddening distress in the hearts and minds of those who were nearest and dearest to him. He made no plea for clemency for himself, but did protest that when he entered the politics of the city he did so with high ideals, but that existing conditions of graft and corruption forced him to conform to the customs of the corruptionists. He promised to make a free and full confession, exposing those who were responsible for all of the bargaining deals in which he had had a part and among the first of these confessions was one affecting the United Railways Company of the city, whose president is Patrick Calhoun, formerly of Georgia. The action of Ruef has created tremendous consternation among all those in San Francisco who have been suspected of aiding and abetting municipal corruption and it is quite in the cards that there will be many ruined reputations and refugees to remote lands before the whole situation in San Francisco is threshed out. Mayor Schmitz is one of those who is most deeply involved, and it is probable that his resignation from the office of Mayor will antedate but shortly a sojourn in the State's prison.



AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

BY EARL POMFRET.

ANY word of General Robert E. Lee, spoken or written in that period immediately following the Civil War, while President Jefferson Davis was still in prison at Fortress Monroe, and the people of the South were looking to the grand old hero at Lexington for counsel and example, is a valuable asset of history.

Early in 1866 Hon. James May, a distinguished citizen of Washington City, who had known General Lee intimately before the war, wrote the latter confidentially suggesting some measures of political influence that the General might initiate that would, in Mr. May's judgment, hasten the reconciliation between the leaders of the South and of the national administration under President Andrew Johnson, make his policy of "the *restoration* of the States" that had seceded successful and continue that administration for another term "until the Constitution and the Union are once more in perfect adjustment."

Mr. May was a man of large acquaintance and influence with public men of the epoch, being especially intimate with such of them as Ex-Secretary Montgomery Blair, Ex-Atorney-General Jere. S. Black, Col. Louis V. Bogy and others no less notable and powerful in public affairs. He sent copies of the letters—his own and the reply of General Lee—to President Johnson and we copy that

of General Lee from the personal files left by the long-deceased national executive.

The letter is in the following interesting language, and throws a white light upon the simple patience, patriotism and courage of the Southern chieftain:

LEXINGTON, VA., July 9, 1866.

My Dear Sir:—

I was truly glad to receive your friendly letter, after so many years of silence and separation, and I rejoice to read in it, the expression of the same feelings of kindness and friendship, that characterized our intercourse in early life. I assure you these feelings are cordially reciprocated by Mrs. Lee and myself, and we shall never forget the numerous kind acts, extended to us by you, during our sojourn at the West.

Your letter deserved and would have received an earlier answer, but when it reached me, I was engaged in the annual examination exercises at Washington College, which continued over three weeks, and since their termination I have been continually occupied in business relating to the Institution.

I must give you very special thanks for doing me the justice to believe, that my conduct during the last five eventful years, has been governed by my sense of duty. I had no other guide, nor had I any other object, than the defence of those principles of American liberty, upon which the Constitutions of the several States, and of the United States, were originally founded, and unless they are strictly observed, I fear there will be an end to Republican Government in this country. I concur with you in opinion as to the propriety and duty of all persons uniting, in the present posture of affairs, for the restoration and reconciliation of the country. I have endeavored to pursue this course myself, since the cessation of hostilities, and have recommended it to others. So far as my knowledge extends, there is no opposition at the South to the general Government, everyone approves of the policy of President Johnson, gives him his cordial support, and would I believe confer on him the presidency for another term, if it was in his power. I do not know what more you desire, and even if I possessed the influence you attribute to me, how I could exercise it, than as I have. But I have no influence, and do not feel at liberty to take a more active part in public affairs than I have done.

The whole attention of the people at the South is confined to their private business. They have no influence in the regulation of public affairs, and whatever is done, must be accomplished by those who control the Councils of the country. You and your friends at the North are the only persons who can exercise a beneficial influence.

I hope the long years which have passed since we met, have brought you nothing but prosperity and happiness, and that the future may give you tranquility and peace.

I am with great regard,

Your friend and servant,

JAMES MAY, ESQ. (Signed) R. E. LEE.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE NEW STATE.

OKLAHOMA—THE FORTY-SIXTH STATE.

BY LEE WILSON.

Oklahoma means the "Red Man's Land" and the greater part of it, particularly that portion eastward and that has hitherto been the "Indian Territory" is among the most beautiful of the foot-hill sections of this continent. Three decades ago, before the white man's civilization intruded upon the lands of the five civilized tribes, a horseback journey through their region in the spring or in the autumn was a succession of pictures of primitive pastoral beauty never to be forgotten.

The Indian who had lost his savagery by long experience with white men in the Piedmont and valley regions of the South had been removed to a Western home where it was believed by him, and promised by his white friends, that his domain would remain free and uninvaded for possible generations, if not centuries. He was contented and enjoying the fullest measures of his meagre sense of happiness, until after the "reconstruction" of the South and the commencement of its exploitation by the capitalists of the nation.

The "squaw man," usually a fugitive from other sections, began to manifest himself in great numbers. Following his influence came the surveyors projecting lines of railway to

reach from the Mississippi down into Texas. Their flaming little red flags were the signals of an advancing war against the aboriginal life and rights of the tribes. Resistance to the invasion was vain from the beginning. Congress became the enemy instead of the guardian of Indian rights, and one by one it voted away the sanctities of the treaties and made smooth the way for the conversion of the Indian leaders to the scheme of land allotments in severalty and the merger of the Indian Territory into the big Oklahoma statehood deal. From start to finish that deal has been one engineered by capitalist-owned congressmen and by its consummation the last vestige of aboriginal independence is wiped from the face of the North American continent. The remaining Indians are "reservaos" on sufferance and held in leash by government troops.

It was early in the '70's that a bill appeared in Congress to create the "Territory of Oklahoma" out of the western half of the then Indian Territory, but it was not until March, 1889, that, in the rush of conference reports through Congress, a rider was put upon the Indian appropriation bill, opening to homesteaders about 3,000,000 acres of land. The first "rush" of Oklahoma "boomers" occurred in April of that year. The next year the territorial government was formed and new lands opened from time to time until the entire western half of the original territory had been absorbed.

Many attempts were made to secure statehood for the new territory, and in 1895 the committees on territories of both houses of Congress agreed to the project, but President Cleveland put an end to the project by declaring that he would veto the bill, because, as he explained to General Joe Wheeler, "I'll be d—d if I will have any more sage-brush States sending free silver lunatics to Congress!"

So Grover Cleveland kept the people of Oklahoma out of statehood for twelve years, and yet one of the counties of the new State of today is to bear the name of Cleveland in his honor.

Oklahoma and Indian Territory are now joined in Statehood, and their delegates in convention have recently completed an elaborate, up-to-date constitution that will be voted upon the 6th day of August. The new State has 70,000 square miles of territory—nearly 12,000 more than the State of Georgia—and of the total area about 45,000 square miles are capable of the highest cultivation, producing cotton, corn, wheat, all the fruits and vegetables of the semi-tropics of America. There are about 150,000 farms, the lands of which are worth on an average $10.00 per acre. The population is over 1,000,000 souls and the new State will b eentitled to the usual two United States senators and five members of the national House of Representatives. In the election for members of the constitutional convention the Democrats were in a tremendous majority, and it is presumed that in the Statehood elections they will be equally successful.

The great seal of the new State is shown in the rough reproduction printed at the head of this summary sketch. In the center is the present seal of Oklahoma, showing the white man and Indian with joined hands and Justice holding even balances between them. Beginning with the north pointer of the star and going around by the right we find the insignia from the seals of the "five tribes," the chief at the top representing the Chickasaw nation, next the Choctaw, and then the Seminole, Muscogee and Cherokee nations. The small stars are the forty-five States now existent, and the large star is Oklahoma—the Forty-Sixth State.

STANTON IN HIS DEN IN THE CONSTITUTION BUILDING.

FRANK STANTON, POET OF OTPIMISM.

BY ANNE ISABELLE SMALL.

THE hall-mark of the true poet is the image of Iris, whose seven-hued veil hung in the heavens forms the archway through which we expectantly welcome the advent of Hope, goddess of Optimism.

The eye of the poet's imagination is illuminated spiritually and the invisible things of life, heart and immortality become real to his senses.

Frank L. Stanton is a poet and distinctively *our* poet of the South. His muse is to our manner born and the timbre of his pipes is riant with the reedy music of the sea-swept shores and the river banks of Georgia and the Carolinas. The tang of the soil is in his stanzas and the flower-steeped wine of our winds and calms are in his songs and sonnets.

No American verse-writer is more

universally quoted in the English-speaking press of the era. His vogue has rooted under the shears of every compiler of current literature and thousands look daily for a draught from his fountain or for a souvenir sentiment for the family scrap-book. A century from now the familiar spirits of unborn men and women will be resurrecting and repeating the immortal epigrams of his optimistic soul.

Mr. Stanton is a South Carolinian, now in middle age. Like John Hay and James Whitcomb Riley, and other poets of almost equal fame, he began to trot his pony Pegasus in the local columns of a country weekly newspaper. The quaint and happy humor of his essays produced pleasant "thrills" in his old-time "Thursday constituency" when the paper came out to catch the once-a-week mails of that era. But the carrier-pigeons of commerce—the evangelists of the grip and the sample-trunk found Stanton's lilts and lyrics good to clip and carry away to other circles, and so his fame grew and spread. He was called to Rome—not on the Tiber, but at the head of Coosa—and from her hill-tops the shafts of his genius flew wider and further. Thence he was soon drawn to the æerie of "The Atlanta Constitution" and from this vantage tower the torch of his vagarious goddess has flashed to the Pillars of Hercules and to the great Wall of China.

Mr. Stanton has not and will not write a great epic. He will write no national anthem in stately staccato notes. He will tell no tale romantic of a "Lady of the Lake," or a "Prisoner of Chillon." Who knows them by rote or carries them in their hearts today? The wire-grass fairy of the fluent note and the pliant wings that long ago made her nest in the soul of Stanton lives the joyous gospel of the Morning Song and the Evening Prayer. Jubilant with the jocund spirit of the passing day she can be reverent as the bedding birds at nightfall. For, ever and anon, in the simple lines of Stanton one discerns the soothing incense of the Larger Faith and the echo of the Eternal Hope.

But the world knows him best by the dominant strain of optimism that runs like the thread of an unfinished rosary through all of his writings. He sings to stir the deeper intuitions of the heart, or to stimulate the brotherhood of humanity, or to fix the mind on the Divine Purpose of good in all things that affect life and follow the last sleep. His very humor is infectious with ideals of trust—the kernel of worship—and one of the shadows on his fame is the timidity that has held him back from riding his white steed of song squarely out upon the King's Highway.

Mr. Stanton has the modesty and amiability of the born poet, is gifted with a wonderful memory, and the fibres of his nature key naturally with the harmonies of life and are jarred and jangled out of tune and sense by any rude buffeting of circumstance. Yet his soul shrinks from the low spiritual license of Byron and rebounds automatically from the melancholic gravitation that submerged Poe.

It was well for Mr. Stanton and fortunate for the South that he refused many flattering offers to sell his personal service to periodicals in the North and West. Out of sight of "The Old Red Hills" of Georgia, bereft of the south wind's music in the pines, robbed of the cries of the blue jay and the riotous rollicking of the mocking bird—the "Don Cæsar de Bazan" of Dixie—Stanton's muse would have starved and his own soul been made sluggish with spiritual ænemia.

THE DAY OF OLD GLORY.

BY LORETTA LIDE JOLLY.

JUNE 14th will be celebrated by schools and various patriotic societies throughout the Union as Flag Day. This custom has been adopted within recent years in nearly all of the States of the Union, but has been made a statutory holiday in the territory of New Mexico only. There is no National holiday within the United States, by an act of Congress, and the matter of establishing any is left to the legislation of the several States.

It is not generally known that the National flag of the United States of America is the oldest flag among those of the greater powers of the earth. Its adoption in its present form antedates the forms now used by all of the great European powers.

The 14th of June this year will be the 130th anniversary of the birth of the American flag. The history of it is one of gradual transformation from the earlier forms of the English standard. In 1265 the banner of England was a white ground with a red cross of St. George, and it was this flag that John Cabot brought to these shores in 1479. Columbus did not reach the main land of this country in 1492, and therefore did not then introduce the flag of Spain upon this continent. The first colonies along the Atlantic Seaboard were formed under the St. George flag between 1607 to 1643. It was the flag of this country for 189 years, or until 1686, when Sir Edmond Andros came to Boston as Governor of the Colony, bringing with him a new flag which the King had provided for New England. The new flag was like the old one, except that the red cross was made very much wider and in the upper part of the cross was a crown and in the lower part the letters "J. R." signifying "Jacobus Rex," or "James the King," and this was the official flag for 21 years.

By the union of England and Scotland the English flag took other forms in which the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George were combined, and finally the red field substituted, as it appears today.

At the battle of Lexington in 1775 a flag known as the Bedford flag was used, and afterwards various standards were adopted by congress, or by the several Colonies, for the bodies of troops that were fighting for American independence. Washington designed and used a flag like the present one, except that the English Union Jack took the place now occupied by our field of stars. Congress subsequently adopted for the United States the present flag, its birthday being June 14, 1777. In 1794 two more stripes were added to the flag to represent the incoming of the new States of Kentucky and Vermont. This was the flag which was floated during the war of 1812, and which gave inspiration to Francis Scott Key to write the "Star Spangled Banner," now our official national air.

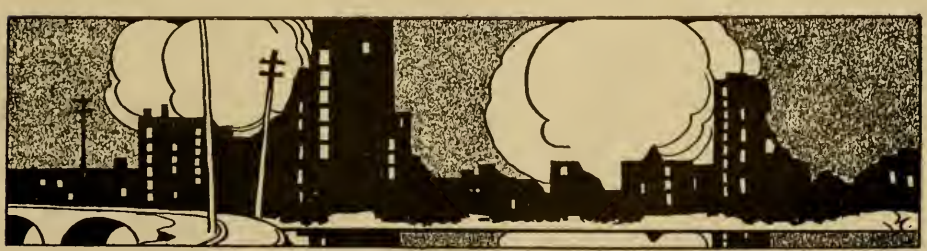
When in 1816 there were 19 States and all wanted a star and stripe, a committee of Congress, to which the matter was referred, decided that a bill should be passed reducing the number of stripes to thirteen, representing the original colonies and adding one star to the field of blue for each State in the Union. When a new State is made, the new star is added on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission.

Referring to the flag, Washington said of it: "We take the star from heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing Liberty."

So it is that the flag that first typified the thirteen new States along the ragged edge of the Atlantic, joined in a Federal Union, now stands at the head of the Ensigns of the Nations representing "an indestructible union of indestructible States," forty-five in number, many of which are greater than the ancient kingdoms and empires of Europe. If the statehood of Oklahoma is perfected this fall and her representatives received in Congress, a forty-sixth star will be added to the flag on the Fourth of July next to represent that new commonwealth. Besides these States, the flag floats as an undisputed sign of possession, peace, power, protection, and prosperity over Porto Rico, Alaska, Hawaii, the Phillippines, Guam, Wake Island, Tutuila, as well as over our own territories of Arizona and New Mexico, and the protectorate which we at present hold over Cuba.

Such a flag, with eighty millions of free citizens behind it, and a hundred billions of wealth to sustain it, must necessarily command the respect and deference of all other nations on the globe, and we all may gratefully join in the prayer:

"Long may she wave,
O'er the land of the free and the
home of the brave!"



A List of Useful Books.

We have received several letters requesting us to name a list of books which would be useful to the general reader.

Below will be found such a list. We do not claim that it is perfect. Many valuable works could be added.

We think, however, that every one of the books named will be found beneficial in developing the mind and in laying up a store of knowledge.

Poetry, we have omitted. Living authors are not included—with the single exception of the Hon. James Bryce.

Our patrons will confer a great favor upon us if they will not ask us where these volumes can be bought and at what prices.

Make such inquiries of book dealers.

Southern subscribers may write to the Americus Book Company, or to the A. W. Deliquest Book Company, Augusta, Ga.

Northern subscribers may apply to F. E. Grant, 23 West Forty-Second Street, New York City, to Joseph McDonough, Albany, N. Y., or to James Guild, Washington, D. C.

Inquiries are frequently made concerning Mr. Watson's books.

The Macmillan Co. or D. Appleton & Co., will furnish desired information as to those. See, also advertising pages of this Magazine. They are sold, too, by John Wanamaker, of New York, and the Columbian Book Co., of Atlanta.

Plutarch's Lives.
Gibbon's Rome.
Macaulay's Essays.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Smith's Wealth of Nations.
Lecky's History of European Morals.
Buckle's History of Civilization.
Draper's Intellectual Progress.
Dicken's David Copperfield.
Thackeray's Vanity Fair.
Hugo's Les Miserables.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Bulwer's My Novel.
Wallace's Ben Hur.
Cooke's Henry St. John, Gentleman.
Reade's Cloister and Hearth.
Baldwin's Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi.
Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.
Borrow's Bible in Spain.
Souvestre's Attic Philosopher.
Bancroft's History of the United States.
Green's Short History of the English People.
Duray's History of France.
Cooke's History of Virginia.
Mommsen's History of Rome.
Roswell's Johnson.
Macaulay's History of England.
Landor's Imaginary Conversations.
Landor's Pericles and Aspasia.
Bret Harte's Short Stories.
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.
Holmes' Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Thoreau's Walden.
McCarthy's History of Our Own Times.
McCarthy's Epochs of Reform.
Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century.

Hallam's Middle Ages.
Le Sage's Gil Blas.
Cervante's Don Quixote.
Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.
Scott's Ivanhoe.
Scott's Waverly.
Disraeli's Coningsby.
De Quincy's Essays and Miscellanies.
Wilson's Noctes Ambroisianae.
Wilson's Christopher in His Hunting Jacket.
Hume's Essays. Bacon's Essays.
Addison and Steele: The Spectator.
Cerasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.
Bruce's History of the United States.
Greg's History of the United States.
Stephen's School History of the United States.
Ridpath's History of the World.
Fiske's Old Virginia and Her Neighbors.
Fiske's Beginnings of New England.
Francis Parkman's Historical Works.
Robertson's Charles V.
Irving's Sketch Book.
Motley's History of the United Netherlands and Rise of the Dutch Republic.
Schiller's Thirty Years War.
Muhler's History of Modern Times.
Van Laun's Revolutionary Era.
Bryce's Holy Roman Empire.
Bryce's American Commonwealth.
Emerson's Essays.
Zola's Germinal.
Michelet's History of France.
Aristotle on Government.
Froud's Lift and Times of Erasmus.
Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.
De Tocqueville's Ancient Regime.
De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.
Andrey's History of England.
Zola's Lourdes.

Every young person who desires to be well read in the literature, history and biography that represents "culture" should have as many of these books as possible at command in a personal library.—THE EDITOR.

Our Foreign Exchanges.

NEWTON, N. C., March 7, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Will you please answer in the Educational Department of your Magazine the following question:

What do we get in exchange for the excess of exports over imports?

The trade balance in our favor has run up into the hundreds of millions yearly for a number of years, and there is a suspicion abroad in the land that a large part of this goes to pay interest on money borrowed in foreign lands and dividends on investments by foreigners in this country.

Very truly,
A. C. SHUFORD.

ANSWER.

The foregoing question of our friend Hon. A. C. Shuford is suggestive of quite a number of reflections.

We think that one answer is furnished by the interesting letter of Mr. W. H. Allen, which we give in full.

A Luminous Statement.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 6, 1907.
700 Franklin Ave.
EDITOR WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:—I invite your attention to the enclosed record of dealings in our securities for foreign account on the New York Stock Exchange. They have a peculiar interest to those who are opposed to Wall Street dictation of our financial policy.

For more than ten years, now, it has been boldly asserted that the panic of 1893 was due to the return of securities by foreign investors who had become alarmed about our silver policy. In his article on "Our International Indebtedness" in the *Yale Review* (November, 1900) Mr. N. T. Bacon says, "The heaviest losses of English investors were in the panic

of 1893, which was immensely aggravated by their dumping all manner of securities on the *New York Stock Exchange* for anything they would bring."

Some time ago, I determined to get at the truth of the matter and for this purpose I examined the market reports of the *Evening Post* and other New York papers that boast of the accuracy of their financial news. This examination brings out the astonishing fact that instead of there having been this immense liquidation, there was actually an excess of purchases of stocks for foreign account on the Stock Exchange in eleven months out of the twelve, in 1893. Here are the transactions by months for the entire year:

TRANSACTIONS IN STOCKS FOR FOREIGN ACCOUNT ON NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

Net excess of purchases		140,000
January	61,000	
February	97,000	
March	68,000	
April	86,000	
May	140,000	
June	45,000	
July	95,000	
August	107,000	
September	5,000	
October		16,000
November	40,000	
December	76,000	
Net excess of purchases		804,000
	820,000	820,000

Mr. Bacon is considered the very highest authority on this subject of foreign liquidation, and his later article in the New York *Times* of January 5, 1902, is produced by that paper to be "the most careful and enlightening discussion of the mooted question whether we owe Europe or Europe owes us, that has ever been undertaken." But these market reports prove that he has never investigated the real facts in the matter. His only authority is the mere say-so of the Wall Street clique who wanted to saddle the responsibility for the panic upon the Sherman law.

These Stock Exchange reports for 1893 should be given the widest publicity, not only to show the American people how grossly they have been misled in this matter, but also because it is the same Wall Street clique who originated this fraud that are now shouting for asset currency.

Yours truly,
W. H. ALLEN.

The Home Cotton Market.

JAMESTOWN, ALA., March 25, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir:—Please find enclosed $1.00 for subscription to *The Weekly Jeffersonian*. Will you kindly answer the following questions through your valuable paper: How can the farmer break up the home market monopoly on cotton? Can farmers broaden their market so as to increase the consumption of raw cotton? How must the farmer bring about foreign competition. Your judgment in the matter will be highly appreciated.

Yours truly,
M. MILLICAN.
R. F. D. 1.

ANSWER.

If the farmers would require the candidates for whom they voted to demand a reduction of the Tariff Duties on cotton goods, the price of calico, and all other articles made out of cotton would be reduced in proportion.

To the extent that we lower the bars are allow the foreign manufactruers to come into our market and sell his goods, we increase the amount of cotton that is required to produce those goods. The lower the price of cotton goods, the greater the amount which will be bought,—all other

things being equal. The greater the amount of cotton goods sold, the greater amount of raw cotton necessary to the manufacture of those goods. In other words, loewr tariff duties mean lower prices on cotton goods: lower cotton goods mean a greater amount of those goods in use: a greater amount of cotton goods in use mean a stronger demand for raw cotton; and a stronger demand for raw cotton means, of course, a better price for it.

Nothing can be simpler and more cotton.

The manufacturers have narrowed the market for raw cotton by creating a monopoly of the home market. This they do with high Tariff Duties which shut out foreign goods. Let the farmers broaden their market by electing Congressmen who will reduce the Tariff Duties, break up the monopoly aforesaid, and increase the sale of cotton goods and the *demand* for raw cotton.

Facts About Money.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My neighbor, who is a railway conductor, tells me that he always keeps his money in the house because he does not regard the savings banks as being asafe place to deposit money laid by for a "rainy day." He thinks that if a financial panic were to occur, and savings bank depositors were to call for their money within the next sixty days, many of the banks would fail and thousands of laboring men would lose their hard-earned savings.

In view of what he says I would like to ask:

1. What is the amount of money in circulation in the United States at this time?
2. What amount is deposited in savings banks?
3. Could these banks pay their depositors within sixty days if called on to do so?
4. Is there any really safe place of deposit for small savings?
5. If all the wage-earners had acted on the principle of my neighbor, and kept his savings in the house during the past ten years, would it not have resulted in withdrawing from circulation the amount now held by the savings banks?
6. What effect would such a course have on the business of the country?

I know that there is money in the country that is not deposited because the holders lack confidence in the savings banks and for this reason I would ask:

6. Is it not possible for a great nation like ours to inaugurate some system of caring for the small earnings of our people that would be convenient to all and unquestionably safe?
7. If so why is it not done?

Very respectfully,
B. ONEST.

ANSWER.

1. Including National Bank notes, greenbacks and bullion in Treasury represented by Certificates, the circulation is stater at about $3,000,000,000.
2. In round numbers, $3,500,000,000.
3. Certainly not.
4. No. Nor for large ones either.
5. This question would seem to answer itself. If we keep our money in our own possession it does not circulate, of course.
6. Pass this query up to one of those "Confiscatory" Judges who deal in prophetic deliverances as to the future operations of certain conditions.
7. Yes. The Government could establish a system of savings banks which would be as safe as the government itself is.
8. Because the city financiers who

now get the use of the savings deposits object to turning loose so good a thing.

Historic Incidents.

GAINESVILLE, GA., Mar. 19, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Esteemed Sir:—Please publish in the Educational Department of your JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE answers to the following questions:

1. What were are most directly responsible for the money panic which caused Black Friday?

Tell of some of the events which led to this panic. Also give the date on which it occurred, i. e., the year and day of the month.

2. What information was contained in the "letter" referred to in the paragraph copied below. From "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," Chapter III.

"If a certain American general had sent a certain letter by special courier instead of by mail, there might have been no 'War of 1812,' no 'Battle of New Orleans,' no clash between a Presient Jackson and a Secretary Calhoun, and none of those dire results to the country which flowed from that collision."

To whom was the letter sent, and when?

Explanations on these subjects will be gratefully received by several readers of your Magazine.

The South greeted the appearance of Watson's New York Magazine with enthusiasm, receiving from it a higher love for justice. But WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE, printed on Southern soil, inspiring the same ieals of Truth and Right, is hailed by warm responsive hearts full of a new pride and patriotism.

Respectfully,
ZULAH HOWINGTON.

ANSWER.

1. September 25th, 1869 was the "Black Friday" of this country, so called because of the panic which followed the "Gold corner" of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk. These two bold stock gamblers secured control of the available stock of gold, forced up the price by "cornering" the supply, and ruined thousands of firms and individuals.

Gen. Grant broke the clutch of the speculators, broke the "corner" and relieved the situation by releasing government gold.

2. The letter alluded to was one which Gen. Dearborn wrote to Gen. Hull.

The harsh Orders in Council of the British Ministry constituted the grievance of the Americans which brought on the War of 1812. These orders were suddenly repealed by Parliament June 27, 1812.

Inasmuch as the British Ministry thoguht it probable that the United States might already have begun the war, the first ship that sailed from England carried instructions to the British commanders to conclude an armistice of hostilities had commenced, and to take no steps beyond self-defense.

These instructions met the British officers in full time to have saved the two countries the War of 1812, had Gen. Dearborn, the American commander, informed Gen. Hull by special courier of the British action in repealing the Orders and offering peace. But Hull had already invaded Canada, and Gen. Dearborn's letter, sent by mail, was *eight days* in travelling the 300 miles it had to go. By the time it reached Hull, it was too late. Hull had been captured, under circumstances mortifying to every American and the war was on.

BOOK REVIEWS

JUDGE A. A. GUNBY, OF MONROE, LA.

COLONEL JOHN GUNBY, OF THE MARYLAND LINE. By A. A. Gunby. Cincinnati. The Robert Clarke Company.

If some studious, level-headed and patriotic citizen, like Judge A. A. Gunby, should devote a few years to the investigation of "Neglected Chapters and Heroes of Southern History" the literature of our country would be enriched by a most interesting and valuable book.

In the narrative of the up-building of our Republic, neither the South nor the West has been fairly treated. Just proportion has been maintained between the men who lived north of Mason & Dixon's line, and those who were born South of it.

"Old Pot's" alleged gallop down those doubtful stone steps has been glorified in song and story, while the forty-mile ride of Edward Lacey, which perhaps changed the course of events in the Revolutionary War, has escaped the notice of all save the local historian. New England worthies, however, insignificant in relative achievement, loom up like shadows on the Bracken and assume gigantic proportions which are as unsubstantial as they are persistent.

So it comes to pass that some of the really stalwart fighters of the War for Independence scarcely live in national annals at all.

What New England writer has ever done justice to such Georgians as Twiggs and Clarke, to Floyd and Screven, to Capt. Lachlan McIntosh and Capt. Wm. Cone; to such Carolinians and Virginians as Sevier, Cleveland, Williams, Henry, Campbell, Davy and George Croghan? Maryland suffers in the same way.

National history has never appreciated the full measure of John Page Howard, the Captain whose impetuous and timely charge with the bayonet decided the day for us at the Cowpens. Heroic souls like Howard are a nation's glory.

In the War of 1812 when British invasion caught us unprepared, and hampered with a president wholly unfit for the crisis, dismay spread through Baltimore, whose rich men feared a fate which had befallen Washington.

The timid counselled surrender. Not so the veteran Howard. Speaking to the assembled citizens, he cried out, "I have as much property in this city as any man who lives in it; I have three sons able to bear arms; I will see every dollar's worth of my property destroyed, and every one of my sons in his grave before I will consent to a cowardly submission to the British!" It was the aged hero who saved Baltimore and the Union from a national disgrace.

Shoulder to shoulder with John Eager Howard in the Revolutionary War stood John Gunby, a Colonel of the Maryland Line. In neither army, American or British, was there a sturdier figure than his, a truer man or a more unselfish patriot. At the battle of Guilford Court House, it was Gunby and his Maryland regiment that breasted the fury of the storm and bore off the honors. The coolness which he displayed in the crisis of that day, when as Lord Cornwallis declared, "I never saw such fighting since God made me!"; the good judgment with which he handled his men; the unfaltering courage with which he turned to meet and check the victorious charge of the British Guards, would have made Gunby's name immortal in American history if he had been a soldier of New England.

National historians mention Gunby's name only to hold him responsible for the disorder of Hobkirk's Mill; but the facts related in this little volume prove conclusively that Gunby was free of fault. The faintheartedness of Gen. Greene in giving up hope too soon; and the sudden death at the head of his company, of Capt. Beatty, are conclusively shown to have produced the result of the conflict—a defeat, where there should have been a victory.

Had the Prussians vacated the heights at Gravelotte to assail the French, had McClellan came down from Malvern Hill to attack the Confederate's in the ravines and wheatfield, had Lee and Jackson abandoned Mary's Heights at Fredericksburg to engage Burnside on the river bank, they would have committed the same folly which lost Gen. Greene the battl eof Hobkirk's Mill.

He was on the high ground, and didn't have sense enough to stay there when he saw the British coming forward to attack him.

This small volume of Judge Gunby is a notable contribution to our historical literature and deserves its place in ever ylibrary.

A Woman's Heart. By Olive Ransom. New York. Doubleday, Page & Co.

The words following the title, "Manuscripts Found in the Papers of Katherine Pesheonet and Edited by Her Executor," suggests the scheme of the book. After the manner of Swift's "Journal to Stella," Katherine Peshconet opens her heart in these Manuscripts, and the reader follows the story with deepening interest from the first line "I love you" to the pitiful ending.

A non-Catholic American woman, —young, lovely, intellectual, — becomes infatuated with a Catholic priest, the offspring of Irish immigrants. She is full of the American ideas of personal liberties, of longings for healthy home life, of cravings for companionship in marital relations with the man she loves.

Katherine is that sweetest, truest, divinest of human beings—a woman who so adores a man whom she believes to be noble that she longs to make him happy, dreams of the ideal

home-life with him, is willing to have her existence merged into his own, and is never so pleased as when sacrificing herself upon the altar of her devotion. As self-portrayed in these Manuscripts, Katherine is a rarely noble character,—pure, ordent, unselfish, courageous, affectionate, trustful an dloyal.

Her priest we see through her eyes only, and while he is a hero to her, he is not so to us. He loves her, but will dare nothing for her sake. Fearing his Church, fastened by the convetnional bonds which his "vows" have put upon him, he makes pledges to Katherine only to break them, and at length persuades her to stoop to a secret marriage which he soon "confesses" to his spiritual enslavers.

The un-heroic priest is sent away to do "penance," and Katherine dies of a broken heart. The infant which is born to the miserable wife, the unnatural father never sees at all.

Those who scamper through the pages of the average work of fiction, reading barely enough to hold to the thread of the narrative, and concerned chiefly to see how it all ended, "A Woman's Heart" offers no reward. It will carry no message to *them*. But those who are humanely interested in the play of human passions, in the joys and sorrows of our sisters and our brothers, there comes out of this book a cry of pain that will ring in the ear for many and many a day.

If Eloisa had made a confidant of her Diary, and had written down her feelings, day after day, during the slow-footed years of her misery, the record must have been something similar to this.

The book demonstrates, in a vivid, dramatic way, the unnaturalness of the enforced celibacy of the priests, the antagonism of monastic vows and life to human craving and conditions, the conflict between modern ideals and the medievalism which the Catholic Church seeks to perpetuate.

Therefore, while the book is a vivisection of the heart of a loving, suffering woman, it is also a most adroit and powerful arraignment of the dogmas, practices, pretensions, and impostures of the Catholic Church.

To my mind, the method of treatment adopted in *"A Woman's Heart"* is much more effective than that adopted by Zola and Miss Corelli.

Not long ago, in reading that wonderful and monstrous novel "The *Garden of Allah*"—over which our Catholic friends were throwing acstatic fits—I wondered if no author had realized how utterly abhorrent *to Nature and Truth* were the conceptions of Life and Duty therein set forth and sanctioned. *"A Woman's Heart"* answers a noble purpose in that it states the case of natural religion, natural standards of loving, mating and living, as against the conventional standards which the Catholic Church borrowed from ancient paganism and endeavors to inflict upon modern Christianity.

In dealing with this subject, the book reveals a depth of insight and a far-reaching completeness of information that is seldom found in a work of fiction.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A LETTER FROM FLORENCE, ITALY.

(Note: The writer of the letter which follows is the grandson of the Senator Lewis V. Bogy who succeeded Francis P. Blair as Senator from Missouri. Mr. Bernard P. Bogy lives in St. Louis, where Mr. Watson spent many pleasant hours with him, during the Fair, in 1904.)

Florence, April 16, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

My Dear Friend: The postal you sent me reached me after chasing me over quite a large portion of the earth's surface.

Last fall I spent in Old Mexico, a portion of the time on the big ranch where I have my cattle, and the rest of the time traveling round the country at my leisure, taking in many of the quaint out-of-the-way places, seldom visited by foreigners or even Mexican travelers. On my way back to St. Louis I stopped for a while in dear old San Antonio, and reached home just before Christmas, spending the holidays with my family. Shortly after the first of the year I sailed from New Yor kfor Funchal, on the chief one of the Maderia Islands. It is a most interesting and beautiful place, abounding in a most luxuriant growth of tropical plants and flowers.

The principal vehicle is a *sled,* with curtains, and sometimes very elegantly furnished. This vehicle is drawn by *oxen* of Caribous. A small boy runs *directly* in front of these beasts and they follow at a rapid pace with an evident well meant determination to trample him under foot. The driver runs along side cracking a long whip, and every forty or fifty yards he places a long sack, shaped exactly like a bologna sausage, and filled with grease, first under one runner and then under the other, and you slide merrily and swiftly along as smoothly over the round, smooth, cobble stones, (of which all the roads are made) as though going through the snow. The driver meanwhile never ceases to keep up a most mournful cry of supplication, in Portugese, to the caribous to go faster.

I went to the top of a large mountain in a steam tram and took a slide down of about three miles in a large basket. This contrivance is simply a large basket with a seat for two, with perfectly smooth greased board bottom. It is guided with long poles by two men who stand on a small projection in the rear; and the way it goes over those smooth cobble stones takes one's breath away, and makes the 20th Century Chicago-New York limited look like the "common or garden snail." A mighty charming girl took the slide with me, and the way she clung around my neck and pressed herself against my manly chest, made me feel very much like a Christmas tree.

While in Funchal I attended a ball given at the Casino, a very beautiful place, and was royally treated by my hosts. I danced with many beautiful girls, Portugese and English, with each one of whom I took a drink of

old Maderia wine. So when I retired that night I was filled with many kind thoughts towards all the world, pleasant though indistinct memories of the evening.

After leaving Madeira, I sailed for the quaint old city of Cadiz, in Spain, and from there visited Sevilla, where I enjoyed myself exceedingly. I saw some beautiful dances and of course spent a good deal of time in the Alcazar and Cathedral. In the latter are many wonderful works of atr, the most marvellous being the tomb of St. Ferdinand, of, I believe, the twelfth century. The coffin is composed of solid gold and silver and weighs close on to three thousand pounds. The bones of Columbus also rest here, and are mounted by a magnificent monument, on which is an inscription to the effect that it is better for the remains to rest in this sacred place, than in the land contorlled by an ungrateful country (the United States) which had failed to feel duly grateful to Spain for having been discovered. It would take too long to write of the wonderful works of art in the museum, etc. I went to Madrid and Granada, and would like to write many pages about the Alhambra. To Malaga, Nice, Monte Carlo, Tangiers in Africa,—(about which I could write a book), Algeria, Malta, Sicily, Egypt,—wonderful Egypt—across the desert for days on a camel accompanied by twelve hired men (savages) on camels, sleeping on the desert, etc. To the top and interior of the Pyramids, up the Nile, in all sorts of wonderful tombs, ruins, and *underground* ruins and catacombs. Through the Suez canal to the Red Sea. Through Syria and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Greece, (and the Greeks are a fine people, even now), Naples, Rome, where I had a private audience with His Holiness, and am now in this beautiful city of art. Will go to Venice in a few days. I could write a book of my travels.

Won't you please write to me, and if you do so at once, address me care American Express Co., 11 Rue Scribe, Paris, France. I will appreciate hearing from you. Will reach New York about June 10.

Give my kindest regards to your family. I often think of you and wish I could sit down and have a long talk with you. I know you would be interested in my many adventures.

Hoping to hear from you, believe me to be

Sincerely your friend,

BERNARD P. BOGY.

An Old Guard Populist.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 21, 1907.

HON. THOS. E. WATSON,

Thomson, Ga.

I address you as an old "Cooper Crusader" (a Greenbacker), and voted that way ever since. I published a Populist paper at Centralia, Ill., Bryan's old home county. When every democratic organ in Southern Illinois fought Bryan, I upheld him, and today he owes to the old-line "Populist workers" his prominence.

I have passed through the trying ordeal of "fusion" with the old parties, and trust history will never repeat itself on fusion lines; compromise legislation and our thunder stolen has been the result. I believe we are approaching another great reform tidal move. Old parties once corrupted can never be reformed; each parties rank and file have lost faith in their respective party, and will join a new movement. However, as of yore, when fusion with one or the other is attempted we drive the former adherents to the adversary party back in disgust, and we will

have been again branded as the tail to the old political kite. I have always admired your works, and believe that sticktoitiveness on these lines will win. We have tried the uncertainty, and lost. The leaders of both the two old parties (a majority at least) are Benedict Arnolds, and the people will rally to a party that will not council with the individual or party that even is suspicioned as receiving aid or council from a "tried and found wanting" set of political grafters. I am located here permanently, representing a Columbus, Ohio, manufacturing company. I have but little time to spare, however I will not wholly neglect my duty to a cause so long espoused. "Tom Watson in the hearts of the people," is as certain as the rising sun. Meantime I am, your coworker,

J. T. CUPPY,
Pittsburg, Pa.
253 Virginia Ave., Ward 32.

No Dictator Wanted.

Savannah, Ga., April 19, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Your magazine is educating us along right lines, and in this connection I ask you to say in what light you regard the proposal of Mr. Graves to have Mr. Bryan nominate Mr. Roosevelt for a third term. If such a step is taken—suicidal step—by the Democratic party, and Mr. Roosevelt is elected by Republican and Democratic votes, would he not crush out—as he would be quite willing to do—all opposition to his policy in his party, and dominate complaisant and truckling congresses? Would he not control the decisions of the Supreme Court? Would he not be a despot and pave the way for a republic (?) of the type of the Central and South American countries?

Yours truly,
M. R. TUNNO.
307 Waldburg St., West.

"Not Quite" Was Good Enough.

Jonesboro, Ga., March 9, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: I simply wish to express my appreciation of an editorial which appeared in the last issue of your magazine, entitled, "Not Quite."

It is a masterpiece of soul interpretation. It is a great sermon, which goes beneath the surface of things spiritual and touches the real live, throbbing heart of all thinking Christians.

Regarding this editorial, I differ from one G. H. Cornwell who, in today's *Georgian*, pronounces it pessimistic. To me, it is optimistic, because it makes the soul its own sufficient proof of immortality and Heaven. I am glad that you were inspired to write it, and trust that you will give us more of the same kind. It "smacks" of a religion that is not afraid to think. We need it, and are hungry for it.

Every line of your editorials and your "Life of Jackson" fairly sparkle with interest and real life.

Yours respectfully,
H. B. ADAMS.

Did Cuba Buy Liberty?

Springport, April 7, 1907.
HON. THOS. E. WATSON,
Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: In "A Survey of the World" in your April magazine touching upon the story of the Madrid correspondent of the *London Telegarph* pertaining to the $6,000,000 purchase of United States Senators to secure the declaration of war against Spain in 1898, you say: "Frankly we do not believe the story, but we would be glad to consider the evidence upon which so trustworthy a journalist as Senor Rivero has founded it."

Samuel C. Parks, of Kansas City, Mo., in an article in the *Arena* in

June, 1902, says: "Another instance of the lack of knowledge in the people is the belief that they have always had, and still have, that the war with Spain was just and necessary and in accordance with the law of nations. The volume entitled 'Foreign Relations of the United States 1898' contains 427 pages that are entirely devoted to Spain . . . and contains all the facts necessary to an understanding of the case. For some reason this book was not given to the public till about three years after the correspondence it contains took place. . . . Mr. Woodford began his labors as Minister to Spain about the middle of September, 1897. He had nearly reached the acomplishment of the end required by his instructions in a peaceful and satisfactory settlement when his efforts were defeated by the very authority under whose instructions he was acting. . . . On the 18th of March, 1898, he wires the President a long letter, in which he says: 'My faith in settlement gets stronger.' On the 19th he wires again and says: 'If you will acquaint me fully with general settlement I believe Spain will offer without compulsion and upon her own motion such terms of settlement as may be satisfactory to both nations.' The President's answer of March 20, through Mr. Day, is not responsive in letter or spirit, and is much better calculated to promote war than peace. He does not acquaint Mr. Woodford fully with the general settlement desired, and winds up with a threat to 'lay the whole question before Congress,' which action the world knew would result in war. See page 692, 'Foreign Relations 1898.'

"However, a week after on the 27th of March, the President sent his isntructions, which will be found on pages 711 and 712 of the book in question. . . . On April 10 Mr. Woodford telegraphed directly to the President, (page 747): 'I hope nothing will now be done to humiliate Spain, as I am satisfied that the present Government is going, and is loyally ready to go, as fast and as far as it can.' This final effort of his faithful Minister in favor of peace was not heeded by the President, . . . and the next day, April 11th, sent a war message to Congress. . . . While in the light of facts it is clear that the war against Spain by the United States was unnecessary and unjust, it is a melancholy truth that a very large proportion of the people of the United States did not know this at the time the war was made by the President and Congress and do not know it now. This want of knowledge pervades all classes of every profession and pursuit."

The above statements from Mr. Park's article if not absolute proof of the uselessness of war with Spain is sufficient to establish a *strong belief* to that effect.

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Does any reader of THE JEFFERSONIAN happen to have *The Southern Review* for 1873?

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Mr. Watson would be glad to borrow, or buy, those numbers for 1873 containing the series of articles written by Dr. Samuel Tyler, and entitled, "Peggy O'Neal; or, the Doom of the Republic."

Mr. Watson will greatly appreciate the kindness of any friend who may tell him where the desired back numbers of *The Southern Review* can be found.

Watson's for July

SPECIAL FEATURES

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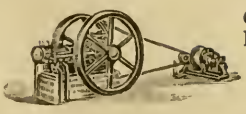

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